MUSINGS

Experiences by Women Around The World

Courtesy of the Weyhe Gallery

TETE DE FEMME. BY HENRI MATISSE

A CERTAIN LADY, by Dorothy Parker
REMINISCENCES OF MODERN ROME, by Mary Crawford Fraser
ART ATMOSPHERE, by Dorothy Canfield
A MOTOR, by Elizabeth Bibesco
I KNEW ELIZABETH TAYLOR WAS ABOUT TO..., by Hedda Hopper
"BOYS NOT ALLOWED", by Helen Hunt Jackson
MAY 14TH - JUNE, by Ethel Lynn, A Woman Hobo
MONTREAL AND TORONTO, by Dame Margot Asquith
THE POCKET HUNTER, by Mary Austin
TUSCAN SCULPTURE, by Violet Paget
THE DUTY OF HARSH CRITICISM, by Rebecca West
THE NEGRO PRESS IN THE 1948 ELECTION, by Cecilia B VanAuken
SORORITY NEWS, by L. Pearl Mitchell
THE ARREST, by Irina Federovna Dubasova
ORDER AND BRIGHTNESS, by Gertrude Besse King
ANTI-AMERICA - A SPANISH HOMILY, by Mariana Rubro Y Bellve

A CERTAIN LADY

MY FRIEND, Mrs. Legion, is one of those few, as tradition numbers them, who are New Yorkers by birth. This gives her an appreciable edge on the parvenus who are Manhattanites only by migration. The Legions occupy an apartment on upper Riverside Drive, in a building called "The Emdor"—an apt and amicable blending of the name of the owner's wife, Emma, with that of his daughter, Doris. Thus, at one crack, are any possible hard feelings averted, and a happy literary effect achieved. "Isn't it a cute idea?" Mrs. Legion asks you, when she has explained the origin of the title. "Isn't it," you answer, without an interrogation point. And there you both are, ready to start all over again.

Shortly—oh, anywhere from seven to ten minutes—after she has met you, Mrs. Legion is supplying you with all the ground floor information as to why she lives on Riverside Drive, instead of Park Avenue. There is all the sun they get, and that big kitchen, and the superintendent is so obliging, and just look how convenient the busses are. Not for worlds, she promises you, would she dwell in any other section of the city. Yet, oddly enough—just about enough—she may be found frequently inspecting and pricing Park Avenue apartments, and hopefully calling up real estate agents to inquire if the rents in that part of town have taken a change for the better since her last inquiry.

Although she lives as far from Park Avenue as it is possible to do and still keep out of Jersey, Mrs. Legion is cozily conversant of all the comings and goings, or what have you, of the Avenue dwellers. Breathlessly she pursues the society notes in the daily papers; promptly on their days of publication she buys the magazines dealing with the activities of the socially elect. Only drop a hat, and she can give you anything you want to know in the way of dates, and maiden names, and who married whom, and how they are getting along, if any. She employs nicknames, in referring to members of the favored few hundred, with an easy casualness that gives her remarks a truly homey flavor.

Naturally, it eats into her time to keep so admirably posted on these matters. And Mrs. Legion is pretty hard pressed for time. You might think, with her husband earning a cheery income, with Junior and Barbara safely in school, and a pleasant sufficiency of maids—two will do it nicely—around the apartment, that Mrs. Legion's life would follow the course made celebrated by the proverbial Riley; but the days are all too short for her to complete her business. She is always late for her appointments, rushing in a bit breathless, almost embarrassingly apologetic for those things that lack of time has forced her to leave undone. You simply must excuse the way she looks, but she didn't have a minute to get her hair waved, or, goodness, she must try to crowd in a manicure somehow, or for heaven's sake, remind her to stop at the baker's on her way home—she didn't have a second all morning. Her life is passed in an oddly imperceptible process known as "getting around" to things,—getting around to answer a letter, getting around to having her fur coat done over, getting around to having a talk with Junior's teacher.

And then, of course, there is all her shopping to do. Mrs. Legion's shopping has never yet reached a stage even approaching completion. Rarely a day passes that she must not visit the stores, if not to purchase, then to look around and get an idea or so. To look at her, you realize instantly that it must indeed take time and thought and research for her to assemble her costumes, to get them so faithfully like those worn by all other women of her circumstances. Mrs. Legion and her friends dress with the uniformity of the Tiller girls. Their hats are of the same shape and worn at the same angle, their coiffures meticulously alike, their dresses follow one another closely in material and design, their shoes are of the same last. Not until she has sedulously effaced all traces of individuality does Mrs. Legion feel that she is smart enough to appear in public.

Duties aside, Mrs. Legion must have her fun, being only human. Her good times consist in meeting her women friends almost daily, either at her house or at one of theirs, and having a real old-fashioned talk. Sometimes this is staged over the bridge table, sometimes over the Mah Jong tiles, sometimes a bit of silky and lacy sewing. The Legion school of conversationalists deals entirely with personalities, nor does it fear to probe deep into the intimate affairs of absent acquaintances. Detailed stories of miserable matrimony and racking separation, of lingering illness and agonizing childbirth and ancestral insanity, of heartbreak and poverty and desertion burble melodiously from the ladies' cool, smooth, expensively rouged lips.

The talk is interrupted by the serving of a lavish and imaginative tea, of which Mrs. Legion partakes generously. She is always going to begin dieting next Monday morning.

For her further diversion, there are literature and the drama. Mrs. Legion is by her own admission a great reader. She has long been a

member of the circulating library contained in the stationer's nearest her. She is saved the wear and tear of selecting appropriate reading matter—there is the nicest girl there, who knows just the sort of thing she likes. Mrs. Legion can seldom tell you the title of a book she reads, and never the author's name, but she can always give you a pretty comprehensive résumé of the plot. She likes a book because there is the cutest girl in it, or the most attractive man, or because the author says the rawest things,—well, my dear, simply nothing is left to your imagination. And the lifting of any strain on the imagination is regarded, in the Legion circle, as the king of assets.

In the theatre, she likes best to patronize, even though she must wait weeks to obtain desirable seats, those exhibits which she euphemistically describes as "my dear, they say it's the most off-color thing you ever saw. I do hope the police don't stop it before we can get tickets." She does not care for drama of the drab, the every-day, or the underworld. As she says, she does love to see pretty clothes.

Sporadically, Mrs. Legion goes in for culture in a really big way, and signs up for a course of lectures on Flemish paintings or current events or interior decoration. The first lecture of the series is largely attended and faithfully quoted: along about the sixth or seventh, only the first row of gilt chairs is occupied. Mrs. Legion has looked on this world for some thirty-seven years, and she has not failed to draw conclusions. So clear are her views that she can dismiss any subject with a single sentence. Of politics, she says that Mrs. Coolidge is awfully sweet looking, and they say she is very popular in Washington. Of the unemployment situation, that these beggars you see in the streets all have big bank accounts and probably most of them own tenement buildings. Of married life, that she honestly believes that Fred Legion would eat steak every night if you'd give it to him. Of the race question, that these Swedes and Irish girls are so independent that she has half a mind to get a couple of darkie servants. Of art and belles lettres, that she wouldn't live in Greenwich Village if you gave her the place. Of motherhood, that it certainly is hard to know how to dress children when they're at that awkward age. Of the relation of the sexes, that it's terrible what women have to go through in this world.

My friend, Mrs. Legion. Heiress of the ages.

—Dorothy Parker

A CERTAIN LADY, by Dorothy Parker
from the Google Books etext of *The New Yorker*, February 1925

REMINISCENCES OF MODERN ROME

from Project Gutenberg's *Italian Yesterdays, vol. 1*, by Mrs. (Mary Crawford) Hugh Fraser

Rome's Seasons—Childhood Memories of a Roman Spring—My Birthday Festival—A Day in the Country—The Appian Way—Rome's Great Wall—An Adventure with the Campagna Steers—Campagna Sheep-Dogs—Early Morning Street Scenes—The Giardino Colonna—Secluded Italian Gardens—Inroads of Commercialism—Discovery of a Dream-Garden of the Renaissance—Song of the Nightingale in the Lost Italian Garden.

It is time to take breath. So far, we have been living over in mind the joys and sorrows of certain dwellers near the Appian Way, but every true story, however fair and fine, seems to run like crystal beads strung on a dark thread. The shadow of possible tragedy is behind all things human, and even the happiest tales of old leave one with a little pang at heart for the black hour of death which came to all the

actors in them sooner or later. One turns with relief to the things that people wrongly call inanimate—the things of Nature, whose life is so comfortingly different from our own, so rich in vitality that each declining season is lifted up and carried on in the arms of the next, as it were, to return in all its vigour and beauty when the moment arrives.

To dwellers in Rome the "honied core" of all the year comes with the first days of spring. Looking back on Roman winters, indeed, from my later experiences of the season in arctic climates, they were, with few exceptions, one carol of brightness and sunshine; we spoke of winter for the sake of putting on our furs and lighting a few fires, but the violets never ceased to bloom in the open, the shady avenues of the many villas were not too cool for dalliance, and it was only when the "tramontana," blowing over the mountains in the north, turned the air from balm to crystal, that we had a touch of real winter at all. Nevertheless, the spring, its opening day marked by the arrival of the first swallows, was intoxicatingly welcome. The first day of Lent had put a period to most of the social functions and—such is the levity of youth—had given us girls time to think of a spring frock or so. Then, on some March morning, the cry would go through the house, "The swallows have come!" and thenceforward we lived very much in the open air. From the time when I was very small it had always been the same, and even now, at my "far world's end," and with five decades between the "now" and the "then," the memory of those spring days goes to my head a little. In a snow-bound land of pale suns and wintry wastes I can shut my eyes and feel again the bath of sunshine, smell the bitter-sweet of Campagna thyme and daisy, almost hear the larks at their singing, the soft bleating of the Campagna lambs, the baying of the white sheep dogs, the faint piping of the solitary shepherd boy sitting on the low stone fence while his flock nibbled audibly at the newly sprung grass. That last is one of the prettiest of outdoor sounds, I think. The world has to be very still to let one hear it at all, and then the delicate "crsh-crsh" is like the music of a fairy March accentuated by the regular moving of the light little hoofs over the turf.

One such morning comes back to me very vividly. I think it was that of my tenth birthday, and we had all been taken out to "Egeria's Grotto" to mark the festa. I wonder if parents know what a real birthday festivity means to an imaginative child? Mine came in the outburst of the Roman April, and, as long as we lived in the old Villa Negroni, was a perfect carnival of flowers. From the time I awoke in the morning, an air of joyous mystery pervaded the house. Every servant came to kiss my hand and bring me a fat posy, sent for to the country, of the strong farmhouse flowers that did not grow in our garden, marigolds and marguerites, jessamine and "gagia"—the yellow powdery blossoms that keep their perfume for fifty years, the whole tied up in a setting of sweet basil and "madre-cara"—I do not know its name in English—a feast

of clean fragrance—"Cento di questi giorni!" (a hundred of these days) said every one I met on my way to my mother's room, for the first thing to do was to rush into her arms and have her tell me how old I was. Then, with a handkerchief tied over my eyes, I was solemnly taken into the big red drawing-room where the rest of the household was already assembled and led to the place where my portrait hung on the wall. There was a breathless second of expectation, then the handkerchief was whisked off, and I saw a bower of white spirea from which my own picture smiled down at me, above a little table covered with a white cloth and smothered in spirea, too. Under the foam of the flowers were all my presents, done up in my dear mother's favourite parma violet tissue-paper and satin ribbons. The next hour was an intoxication. It always seemed as if all the things I had been longing for for months were collected there. When everybody had been thanked, I was left alone for a while to examine and exult in my new possessions; then I had to be dressed in my best clothes for the real crown of the day, a walk alone with my adored mother, with my pockets stuffed with pennies so that I could give something to every beggar we met! In the afternoon there would be a drive out to some point on the Campagna, with a box of bon-bons to help us enjoy the view, and in the evening the beloved godfather, Mr. Hooker, always came to dine and help me cut my birthday cake, a splendid edifice with my name and the date in pink and white frosting, wreathed in spirea and surrounded by lighted candles to the number of the years I had attained.

As I grew a little older I preferred to spend the whole day in the country, and then the place to make for was the so-called Grotto of Egeria. There was surely solitude, where it seemed as if no one ever came but ourselves; the outer world was left a thousand miles behind; the velvet undulations of the lonely valley were all a carpet of short thyme over which we rolled like the little kids of the goats that scampered away at our approach. And, best of all, there was the deep grotto with the broken statue and the shadowy crystal of its mysterious spring, its sides and vault one mantle of diamond—sprent maidenhair fern, its moist air and soft green light—a reflection from sun and grass outside—making it a place where the most light-hearted child could not but feel the solemnity of something very ancient and very spiritual. I used to linger there to dream of Egeria, the more than mortal, less than spirit maid who revealed the lore of Heaven to the Sabine Sage. I could picture her pale beauty, as she would sit by the spring and let Numa tell her of all the perplexities and difficulties of his rule, and very earnestly did I beg her to appear to me too, but she never came; how could she, when that had never really been her home? Then I would leap back to earth with a bound and join my brother and sisters and the little playmates who always came with us, in a breathless game which began with a mystic incantation I have never heard except in those days and in my own family. I should be glad if any one could enlighten me as to its origin, though I fancy it may have been an inheritance from some witch ancestress. Thus it ran:

"Intery, Mintery, Cutery, Corn,
Apple Seed and Apple Thorn,
Wire, Brier, Limber, Lock,
Seven Geese in a Flock.
Sit and Sing,
By a Spring!
O, U, T—OUT!"

For every word a head was counted round and round the hand-in-hand ring, and the unlucky one to whom fell the last one "Out" had to break away and fly, with all the rest in mad pursuit. Some distant point, generally the last ilex tree on the far side of the grove, had been fixed upon as sanctuary; if the fugitive could touch this before being caught, all was well; if not, he or she was at the orders of the others for any wild prank they might choose to command—three somersaults down a steep incline was a favourite one, while the victors looked on and cheered or derided, as the case might be.

Had our dear governess been of the Faith in those days as she was later, she could have told us more marvellous and romantic tales than we had ever heard about our storied playground—the "Triopius Pagus,"[1] not only of Atticus and Annia Regilla, but of Cecilia and Valerianus, and Tiburtius, and all the valiant comrades of Urban, and the immediate successors of his stormy pontificate. As it was, the classical landmarks were all that the Appian Way held for us, barring one spot, the "Domine, quo vadis?" of St. Peter, which had an unexplained fascination for us all. The Appian Way we loved for the sake of its endless beauties and for the monuments and ruins which were like a compendium of the history of Rome. A writer that I used to admire, though time has robbed me of his name, said that the things he loved best in the world were its high roads; that to look along one of these and know that it cut its way, in a clean swath, over mountain and plain, from one end of a continent to the other, was to be free to travel whithersoever fancy flew, no matter how chained and confined the body might be. The Appian Way, leading to the favourite seaport of Brundusium, a distance of rather less than a hundred and fifty miles, was the true road to Africa, to Palestine, and to all the eastern and southerly provinces of the huge straggling Empire. It was easier to sail the sea than to climb and descend the Alps; there are various records in history of a race, from some spot in the eastern portion of the Empire, run by accuser and accused, the one by sea and the other by land, each striving to reach the seat of power in Rome the first; and, in spite of the capricious storms and calms of the Adriatic, it was almost invariably the seafarer who won the day.

Starting from the milestone of solid gold, which Rome set up on the Palatine as the centre of the world and the point from which all distances were to be measured, the Appian Way ran due south, issuing,

in the early days, from the Capena Gate, which was pulled down and lost sight of when Aurelian enlarged the city's precincts and rebuilt her walls as they stand to-day. Fine walls they were, with their huge outstanding buttresses at short, regular distances from one another all the way. The recesses between them were deep enough to shelter a dozen houses, and were utilised, down to my own time, for the erection of strong wooden stockades within which riders and pedestrians could take refuge at the approach of a herd of the fierce Campagna cattle being driven to market either in Rome or in some town further south. The Roman oxen look mild and peaceful enough when, nose-ringed and weighted with the ponderous wooden yoke, they draw the plough or wagon; but the three-year-old steer, though he is one of the most beautiful creatures in the world, with his snow-white hide, his startled eyes and his widely curved, black-tipped, arrow-pointed horns, is a terrifying customer to meet in his untamed state and with a score or two of his companions!

It was forbidden of course to drive a herd through the city, but we often met them in our drives and rides. Once, I remember, riding alone save for a groom. I was exploring a winding lane, scarcely three feet wide and cut so deep that even from the saddle I could not see what lay on either side of it. Mooning along on a gentle little mare, perfectly happy with my own thoughts, I heard a cry from Tom, the good old English groom who was temporarily responsible for my safety: "Look out, Miss! It's them blooming cattle. Put her at the bank!"

I raised my eyes and saw a forest of horns, like files of spears, the first pair menacingly lowered, coming round a curve in the lane not twenty yards ahead of me. How we made the top of the bank I do not know—the mare quite understood the situation and was as nimble as a cat—but when we had dropped into the field on the other side we were both very shaky, and I felt too meek to resent Tom's curt dictum: "The high road or the open after this, Miss! Them lanes isn't safe for the likes of you!"

He was not my own servant, only an employé of the one English livery-stable Rome possessed in those days, but if he had seen me grow up he could not have been more faithful and vigilant for my comfort and safety. He taught me to ride, and many a delightful scamper we had together over those ideal stretches of springy turf, but he never relaxed from his stern contempt of all things not British, and particularly of Latin equestrianism. I think that and the Englishman's incurable homesickness were too much for him, for a year or two later I heard to my great regret that poor Tom had lost his mind and had had to be removed to an asylum.

There are other animals, besides oxen, to whom it is well to give a wide berth on the Campagna—the sheep-dogs. They take their calling seriously and will let no stranger come within speaking distance

of their flocks. There are two or more to each flock, and when they scent danger they send up a peculiar howl which summons the guardians of any others in the vicinity, so that before one knows it one may find oneself the centre of quite a mob of these formidable creatures, baying and leaping round one and thirsting for one's blood. They are exceedingly handsome, of a pure ivory white, with long silky coats and well-feathered tails, the head broad at the brow and pointed at the muzzle in approved sheep-dog style. Brought up at home, they show great affection for their masters and acquire charming manners, but as professionals, in the exercise of their duty, they are rather terrifying. They particularly distrust mounted visitors, and it is more dangerous to approach them on horseback than on foot. Once, I was out with Dr. Nevin, the American clergyman, an old cavalry officer and an enthusiastic rider, who ought to have known every trick of the Campagna and its beasts, when we stumbled right into a flock of sheep, and the next moment we were attacked by five or six infuriated sheep-dogs, barking madly, leaping at our horses' throats, catching at the skirt of my riding habit and Dr. Nevin's long coat in the effort to drag us down from our saddles. The horses were badly frightened, but managed to kick quite judiciously, and broke away before either they or we had been hurt. We had a good run then with the dogs in full pursuit at first; then they left us alone and returned stolidly to their respective posts.

Talking of the sheep-dog, whom somebody has rightly called "that bundle of intelligence," I would note the fact that he has another delightful quality rather unusual in big dogs—humour. One of the quaintest incidents I ever saw occurred in a South Devon watering-place where we used to spend a good deal of our time. As the clock struck twelve, one fine summer's day, a large flock of sheep was driven in at the upper end of the town, through the whole length of which they had to pass to come out on the Exeter road beyond. One very old sheep-dog accompanied them, but just as they had passed the schoolhouse, the doors were opened and a crowd of little children tumbled out into the street. The dog saw that the sheep could make but few mistakes in the straight street, so he deliberately turned back and started to drive the children after them. Running round and round, barking peremptorily, pushing the stragglers into place, he got some fifty or sixty little ones into a compact mass, and drove them along in the wake of the sheep. The children saw the joke and were immensely amused, but not one dared to drop out till the old dog, visibly laughing too, said good-bye with a bark and a wag, and bounded away after his own flock.

I have always wondered why the dogs that accompanied the goats, when they were driven into Rome to be milked in the morning, were not proper sheep-dogs, but rather mild-tempered mongrels of every imaginable variety. I suppose the real sheep-dog would consider it beneath his dignity to look after mere goats, despised creatures belonging to poor peasants! Nevertheless, their daily visit was one of the pleasures

of my youth—when I was not too sleepy to get up and look out of the window towards six or seven A.M. Their coming was heralded by the soft tinkling of two or three bronze bells hung round the necks of the leaders of the flocks, and then came the quick pattering of the little hoofs over the pavement of the Piazza SS. Apostoli. They had their regular points of call, and that was one of them, in the angle formed by the side of the convent attached to the Church, and the small steep street which was one of the outlets of the Piazza. There they would stay for perhaps half an hour, in the warm brown shade, while the people from all the houses round ran down with mugs and pitchers which the goatherd, a handsome young contadino, in peaked hat, goatskin leggings, and scarlet vest, filled with creamy, foaming milk for about twopence a quart. I was often ordered to drink it, and the tall glass overflowing with warm ivory froth was such a pretty object that it made me forget the rather rank flavour of the draught.

Long before the goats came in, however, the silence of the dawn had been broken by the strange sad cry of the "Acqua Vi" man, who, announcing his wares in an almost funereal tone, lured the earliest labourers and artisans, on their way to their work, to begin the day with a nip of spirits. He was followed by two "calderari," or tinkers, who must have had some secret feud, for they came along within a few minutes of each other every day on the same beat, and even Roman pots and kettles do not break down every day. One man announced himself in deep and hollow tones, his long-drawn "Cal-de-raro!" sounding like a passing-bell; the other was all that was gay and sprightly, and his cry was like a ripple of laughter, ending on an impossibly high note. Then there was the tramp cobbler, the seller of roasted melon seeds (bruscolinaro), the umbrella-mender, and I do not know how many more; musical, friendly, familiar, the old street cries gave a great charm to the morning hours.

At one time, in a certain warm spring and summer, I was taken with a passion for early rising, and with my mountain-born maid, Adelina, used to be out and away long before the sun was up, walking for miles outside one of the gates and enjoying every minute of the divine morning freshness. The infancy of the day is a very wonderful thing anywhere, but most of all in my own Romagna, where the glow of the later hours and the riotous colours of sunset have a ripeness which blends but too well with the ancientness of the buildings and the gilded tumble of the ruins that are, and always will be, Campagna's landmarks. But at dawn it is all young, bland, mysteriously dewy and immaculate, tint blending into tint, and shadow shaded through a hundred indefinable modulations of unborn blue and hinted violet and cloud grey, that will be plain gold later in the day. One of my favourite haunts at that hour was the "Giardino Colonna" which stretches up in a series of terraces from behind the palace just across the square from the Odescalchi, to end on the Quirinal in Piazza di Monto Cavallo. On the lower level the gardens can only be approached

from the house, with which they are connected by a series of little ornamental bridges thrown across a deep and narrow intervening street utilised as a mews for the palace, but on the hill an imposing iron gateway, topped by the gilt crown and column which are the arms of the “Lustrissima Casa Colonna,” gives access to a paradise of trees and flowers and fountains which is the more delightful because so unexpected in the very heart of the city.

Italian gardens, though generally planned to give one imposing spectacle of some kind, with great wealth of statues and marble balustrades and elaborate formations or quiet stretches of water, are rich in small sequestered courts of flowers and greenery; the people who seem to have cared least for privacy in their houses took pains to make many solitudes in their gardens. Doubtless the desire for shade from summer heats had much to do with the intricate—apartments, one might almost call them—which diversify the villas and cut off spot after spot in an absolute seclusion of high box walls and over-arching trees, entered only by one small opening somewhere in the otherwise impenetrable hedge. And, incidentally, the screened shelter thus afforded has fostered the growth and all-winter blooming of more delicate flowers and shrubs than could have survived the sudden attacks of the “tramontana,” in the open. The “Giardino Colonna” was full of charming surprises of the kind one remembers gratefully in the more arid stretches of life. One particular morning there remains very clearly imprinted on my memory, a morning of June, when I was running about with my small half-brother and sister, feeling very much their age. I had lost sight of them for a moment, and in seeking for them broke into an enclosure I had not seen before. Two or three tiny terraces, bordered with old bas-reliefs, lay just touched by the first rays of the sun; a delicate mimosa tree, very feathery and fragile, stood within reach of the spray of a fountain that sent a shaft of diamonds high into the air; all around was a tangle of Banksia roses and white lilies, and an ancient sarcophagus of honey-coloured marble on the top terrace, overflowing with ferns, looked like a golden casket in the low sunbeams. Every branch and leaf and petal was pearled with dew and spray, and the fragrance of the flowers in that miraculous freshness of the morning was almost too sweet for mortal senses to hear.

It is so funny to see some of our brilliant decadents in art and literature trying to embody their ideas of the “_joie de vivre_” in pictures of wild debauch, in mad dances of painted girls and drunken youths, in reproductions of the entertainments invented to stimulate the senses of the old Romans and Egyptians—people already half dead with satiety and incapable of experiencing a single thrill of healthy pleasure. Five minutes of existence, given a young heart in a young body, on a summer dawn amid the flowers, outtops their crude imaginings of the joy of life as completely as the rising sunbeams outshine our poor artificial lights.

I have been afraid to ask after the “Giardino Colonna” of late years. So many other Roman gardens have been destroyed by the beauty-haters who rule the city that I am always expecting to be told that it exists no longer. The great process of destruction has not been confined to Rome alone. Only the other day I learnt from a correspondent that the lovely Villa Doria at Pegli has been swept away to “make room” (in our half-depopulated Italy!) for a German soap factory! To the vultures of commerce nothing is sacred. All that is ancient and beautiful is an insult to the industrial nobodies, with their sordid past and their ignoble future. The more perfect a spot is the more it arouses their desire to destroy it and annihilate even its memory by using its site for the basest ends. After all, everybody feels more at home in a background suited to his complexion!

I spoke in another book[2] of some forgotten villas that my sister and I discovered in the vicinity of Rome. One of these has, I have reason to believe, escaped the notice of the modern vandal, and I have no intention of revealing to him its name or location. Lying far out of the city, in a depression of the Campagna, it is invisible till one is close upon it, and we had passed near it hundreds of times before an accident revealed its existence to us. The very road to it is unmarked on the guide-book maps, and even from the road little is to be seen through the iron gate in the high brick wall save a formal court overgrown with grass, and a long low house, of graceful architecture, but much defaced by time and weather. Something of a mournful dignity in its aspect attracted us, and my sister suggested that we should alight from the carriage and see if we could get in. After ringing many times at the iron gate, we saw an alarmed contadino regarding us suspiciously from a corner of the house, evidently uncertain as to our character and motives. We lost no time in explanations, but promised him a lira if he would open the gate, whereupon he took courage, came and examined us more closely, and, seeing only two young girls with a private carriage and a respectable family coachman smiling in amusement at our enthusiasm, the guardian of the place relented and let us in.

Then we realised what we had found. That which we had taken for the front of the house was only its back, turned, Moorish fashion, to the public road. Its front, all balconies and arches and tall old windows, looked towards the southeast, and from the first terrace, with its supporting colonnade, the ground sloped away in ever-widening spaces of wild greenery intersected with thick avenues of ilex trees that twisted away and lost themselves in dells beyond our view. The house really stood high, and was placed just where an opening in the undulations beyond gave a wide view of the Campagna stretching away to Tivoli and the Sabine Hills; but a moment after stepping down from that first terrace the outside world vanished and we found ourselves in one of the dream-gardens of the Renaissance, where it seemed as if no foot had trod for the last hundred years. The ilexes, all untrimmed, had united

in dense roofs over the grass-grown avenues; the syringa had everywhere so interwoven itself with the high box hedges that these were now three and four feet thick and all abloom in their impenetrable interstices with white stars of sweetest perfume, mingling with the white cups of morning glories, unearthly pure and scentless, like the love prayers of a little nun.

Mrs. Hugh Fraser portrait.

In ecstatic silence we went on and on, catching glimpses, through the rare openings in the green walls on either hand, of broad enclosures all a riot of flowers and grasses in the afternoon sun. It must have been at least a hundred years since the sun had struck through the many-tiered roof over our heads to touch the brown soil, bedded down with the leaves and acorns of a hundred autumns, under our feet. The shade that never could be shadow seemed painted in—a viewless veil of clear grey-brown, broken to an oval of gold where an archway in the hedge let in the westering sun. I had gathered a handful of ilex acorns, those delicate gems of polished grey-green set each in its fretted cup of colder grey—when a turn in the avenue brought us to a standstill before a statue on a pedestal—a young god in very old, dappled marble, his arms stretched out, his head thrown back, as if calling despairingly after some vanished worshipper. The deep greenery rose in an arch above him, the green walls shrank back to make a niche; the clear, colourless light touched his face and limbs almost to life as we looked at him—and then his appeal was answered. From some unseen point close to us there burst forth such a torrent of heart-broken song as can only come from the throat of an Italian nightingale in the solitude of a lost Italian garden. The silver notes went soaring to

heaven and fell back in a rain of music like audible tears. Then, from far away, a sister Philomel took up the strain, another and another broke in and linked it on, till all the air was a delirium of music, wild and sweet and thrilling—going up from the little brown throats, without money and without price.

The nightingales' hour had come, and we, poor human intruders, crept away silently and left the lost garden to them.

ART ATMOSPHERE

The Project Gutenberg eBook of *Raw Material*, by Dorothy Canfield

My cousin Angelica was one of the advance-guard. She bowed down and worshipped Whistler six months or so before the rest of humanity reached the adoration stage; and when she heard that he had opened a studio for "lady students" available to any one who would pay the entrance-fee--"just like one of the second-raters who teach at Carlorossi's"--she lost no time in making tracks for the Passage Stanislas, where, if I remember rightly, the Whistler studio was situated.

It was, just as rumor had said, like all other studio-classes of that sort, except that the fee was many times larger; but that was legitimate, Whistler being _the_ thing that winter, and _the_ thing always commanding a high price in the open market.

It was a large, grimly dirty, barn-like room, with a big sky-light towards the north. In it sat some twenty or thirty more-or-less-young ladies, most of them Americans (the fee was really _very_ large) enveloped in voluminous, paint-stained aprons. They sat, as always in such studio-classes, in a circle around a platform, on which stood the model.

Once a week (or was it once a fortnight?) "the Master" drove up in a cab, made his way into the room amid palpable emanations of awe, and going from canvas to canvas shed upon the bowed head of each acolyte a little of the sacred fire of his genius.

My cousin Angelica, like the others, found this a more than satisfactory arrangement and considered that she received full value for her money. We heard little from her that winter but enthusiasm over the Whistler atmosphere and scorn of everything else. In any exhibition she was to be found in ecstasy before some barely visible human visage

sunk in the gloom of a dusky corner at twilight, or a floating, whitish blur or two on a dark-blue canvas, which, she told us, represented the new artistic tradition, worth all the other artistic traditions produced since they carried the Cimabue Madonna through the streets--or was that a Giotto?

I was studying philology that year and had no quarrel with Angelica about that sort of thing. For all I cared, she could give her adherence to whichever artistic tradition took her fancy for the moment. But it was occasionally inconvenient to have her so slavishly tied to the studio-class on the days when they expected a criticism. Nothing could have tempted her away from one of those marvelous opportunities to profit by first-hand personal instruction from a first-rate living genius. Even when our one prosperous relative, Uncle Frederick, came through Paris and invited us over to the Right Bank to go to lunch with him at a fearfully expensive restaurant, and to sit in a fearfully expensive loge at the Français afterwards, Angelica had to go first to the studio.

I went with her, so that I could carry her off directly afterwards. This is what I saw and heard in the hour I spent there.

The day was a fine one of sunlight less tempered with gray than most Paris sunshine. The model was a stout, red-haired woman with the milk-white skin of red-haired people. From the great expanse of the skylight, there poured upon her opulent nude body, as smooth and white as a newly peeled almond, a flood of light that was sparkling, in spite of the north exposure. The room rang with the high, clear brightness of that white flesh in that morning light.

Around the model sat the thirty or so disciples of the Master. While I waited for Angelica, I wandered around back of them, glancing at the canvases on their easels.

They had all painted the model the color of an old saddle. From one dim, cavernous sketch after another, a misty, smeary, dark-brown mass looked out waveringly from blue, or brown, or gray twilight. The red head glimmered faintly, attenuated by layers and layers of shadow. The disciples looked up at the gleaming white woman before them, reflecting the daylight as definitely as a sound tooth reflects it, and looked down happily and proudly on their dark, blurred canvases. You could see how pleased they were at the progress they were making. They had caught it, this time, they had caught what was the thing to catch.

“We’ll have some fireworks, all right, when ‘the Master’ gets here,” I thought to myself.

Presently he came. The door swung open, I caught a glimpse of the concierge performing the impossible in the way of holding the door

open and effacing herself in one and the same gesture, and in came a dapper, immaculately dressed little old gentleman, with gray gloves and pearl-gray gaiters.

The disciples prostrated themselves, foreheads to the floor (or at least that is the impression they made on me in the first intense emotion of his entrance) and then stiffened to attention before their easels, not to miss a word of the down-dropping pearls and rubies.

The little old gentleman advanced with small, gentlemanly steps to the first of the easels, and contemplated the leather-brown South-Sea-Islander depicted on it. Every one of the students held her breath. So did I.

He looked at it a long time, his face imperturbable. Then with the traditional studio gesture I had seen all my life in studios--outstretched thumb, modeling in the air--he began saying what I had heard all my life in studios, “A little more shadow on the shoulder, I should say. And perhaps.... Yes, go into the modeling of that arm more deeply. On the whole very promising, very interesting.”

He passed on to the next easel. One felt another devout heart turn over with a rustle. “Good! Well _felt_, that knee. But lacking in distinction, perhaps, the treatment of the hair. Go into the modeling of the hands more deeply.”

He passed to the next. And the next. And the next. I heard a murmur of “Very promising ... very interesting ... deeper feeling about ... keep it flat ... subtle ... relations of planes not quite ... very promising ... very interesting.”

In half an hour it was over. He walked neatly back to the door, which the nearest student sprang to open, and with a courteous bow all around he disappeared, his face imperturbable to the last. If he lifted a cynical eyebrow in amusement, it was not till after the door had closed upon him.

Angelica and I were now free to go, and I proceeded to the difficult undertaking of cutting her out from the herd of art-students milling excitedly around and around before the canvases, “Did you hear what he said about my shoulder-blade?” “This was the plane he liked on my back.” “He didn’t object to the treatment of my ...”

The model, however, showed an imperturbability as complete as that of the Master. Like him, she had earned her pay for a morning’s work. As the door had closed on him, she had climbed down off the platform, and she was now calmly pulling her chemise on over her red head.

Angelica was still a little wild-eyed and emotional when we emerged on the street. “Isn’t he _won_derful?” she said, clutching at my arm. “Can’t you understand now what a privilege it is to ...” She took ten minutes to blow off this high-pressure steam and come down to little wandering puffs like, “It _means_ so much to have such precious contacts!” And, “You simply take it in through your _pores_ when you are in the real art atmosphere.”

Understand me, please, I do not venture to affirm that this is really all that took place. I am no art-student and never was. There may have been oceans more. But this is all that I saw.

Elizabeth Asquith Bibesco is judging you.

A MOTOR

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Balloons*, by Elizabeth Bibesco

[_To ALICE LONGWORTH_]

There is a special quality about a December sunset. The ruffles of red gold gradually untightening, the congested mauve islands on a transparent sea of green, the ultimate luminous primrose dissolving into violet powder and then the cold biting night lit up by strange patches of colour that have somehow been forgotten in the sky.

Eve was walking home, her quick, defiant movements challenging the evening, her head bent slightly forward, her chin almost touching her

muff, while her eyes shone and her cheeks glowed and her lithe figure seemed almost to be cutting through the icy air.

"This is happiness," she thought exultantly, "this bitter winter stimulus--I feel so light--as if my heart and mind were empty--only my body is quivering with life--the pure life of physical fitness. Why think, or feel, or look forward?" She doubled her pace until her feet seemed to be skimming the road. "I feel like a duck and drake," she laughed to herself. "Nothing matters, nothing, while there is still frost in the world."

And then she saw a little motor waiting on the other side of the road. She stopped dead and her heart stopped with her.

"There is no reason why it should be his. Hundreds of people have motors like that."

Resolutely she took a step forward. "I can't see from here, and I won't go and look," she added as she crossed over.

And then, shutting her eyes:

"Jerry," she said to herself, trying to kill his ghost with his name.

The evening air had become damp and penetrating. It made her throat feel sore and she choked a little as she breathed it.

Gingerly she approached the motor to make sure. What an absurd phrase! Why, a leap of her heart would have announced its presence, even had her eyes been shut.

She knew its every detail, the sound the gears made changing, the feel of the seat, the way the hood went up. And, above all, the little clock, ticking its warning by day, regular and relentless, while at night its bright prying eyes reminded her of all the things she wanted to forget. "It is my conscience," she would say, "and fate and mortality. It symbolises all the limitations of life. It is the frontier to happiness, the defeat of peace."

"Go on," he had said, "and you will end by forgetting it."

It was what he had called her habit of talking things "away."

How often she had slipped into his motor after him, sliding along the shiny leather, nestling happily against him, explaining that there was no draught, that the rain was not coming in, that her feet were as warm as toast. How often he had steered slowly with one hand, while her fingers crept into the palm of the other. And then he had turned off the engine and they had sat there together silent and alone, cut off from

the world. How she had loved his motor! Surreptitiously she would caress it with her hand, stroking the cool shiny leather, and seeing him looking at her, she would say, "I think my purse must have fallen behind the seat." It had become to her a child and a mother, a refuge and an adventure, an island cut off from all the wretched necessities of existence, associated only with her and with him. It was a much better kingdom than a room; for a room is full of paraphernalia and impedimenta, with books and photographs, and the envelopes of letters to remind you of people and things that you want to forget. After all she could not sweep her house clear of her life, empty it of the necessary and the superfluous of her ties and her duties and her responsibilities.

But his motor--his little gasping uncomfortable motor--that was really and truly hers, because it was his. Here was her throne and his altar.

No wonder she sometimes stroked it a little, when it was too dark for him to ask her what she was doing.

And now, now some one else crept in after him, slid towards him on the shiny leather, murmured that her feet were as warm as toast, that there was no draught, and of course the rain didn't come in....

Or did she say, "Do you think there is something the matter with your motor to-day? It seems a little asthmatic?"

Eve looked at the house. She could see brightness shining behind the curtains. She could imagine a glowing fire and a faint smell of warm roses. Who was the woman? What were they doing? Sitting on either side of the fireplace drowsily intimate, smiling a little perhaps and hardly talking, conscious only of the cold outside and the warm room and one another....

Eve shivered. Almost unconsciously she fingered the mud guard. "A room is a horrible unprivate thing," she said. "People walk in and out of it, any one, and there are books and photographs and letters. It is a market place, not a sanctuary,--whereas you...." She looked at the little motor. It was too dark to see anything, but every line of it was branded on her heart.

"No one will ever love you as I did," she said to it and slowly, wearily, dragging one foot after another, she walked away into the cold raw night.

* * * * *

"Nothing in the world like winter air to make you feel fit," Bob said to himself as he swung himself along the road at a tremendous pace.

"Jove, what a sunset!" he added, looking up at the red gold ruffles

slowly untightening. He reflected that there is nothing in the world like health. Live cleanly and the high thinking will look after itself--or at least won't matter. Physical condition, there's nothing like it. Love and that sort of thing all very well in its way, but a cold bath in the morning and plenty of exercise.... He began to whistle, and then--because he did feel most frightfully well--to run.

"Run a mile without being out of breath," he thought complacently, and then--because he hadn't meant to--("wasn't even thinking of her," he grumbled to Providence)--he found himself outside her door. And in the road there was a motor, a little coral coloured motor. He looked at it in dismay and then he looked at the house. He saw it was lit up and he imagined the room he knew so well. The crimson damask curtains and the creamy walls, the glowing fire and the red roses, the roses he had sent for her. Probably she would be sitting on that white fur rug on the floor, her arms clasped round her knees, her red hair as bright as the red hot coals, her dark eyes dreamy and half closed.

"Damn him, I wonder who he is," and he started examining the motor.

"It's not very new," he thought, "the varnish is all off and those shiny leather seats are damned cold and slippery, draughty too, I should say; hood doesn't close properly. Must let in the rain like a leaking boat."

He put his hand on the mud guard. "Bent," he said. He felt a little cheered. But then, looking at the glowing house, he grew disconsolate again.

"Wonder what they're doing," he grumbled to himself. "Jabbering away, I'll be bound. Never was much of a hand at talking myself. Wonder who the deuce he is."

And then he looked contemptuously at the little motor.

"Damned if I couldn't do her better than that," he said. "God, how cold it is."

Irresolutely he moved away. Then he began to run, but the raw air caught his throat and he felt out of breath.

"Not as young as I was," he thought as he walked away into the damp night.

Chapter One

The Project Gutenberg eBook of *The Whole Truth and Nothing But*, by Hedda Hopper

I knew Elizabeth Taylor was about to dump Eddie Fisher in favor of Richard Burton soon after _Cleopatra_ started filming in Rome. Because in forty years in Hollywood I've told the truth--though sometimes only in part for the sake of shielding someone or other--I wrote the story. This was in February 1962, one week before the news burst like a bomb on the world's front pages.

But Elizabeth, Burton, and I have something in common: Martin Gang, a topnotch attorney, has us as clients. He saw my column, as usual, before it appeared, and came on the telephone in a hurry. "Oh, you couldn't print that," he said. "It would be very embarrassing for me to sue you, since I represent all three."

I was in Hollywood at the time, not in Rome, so I was wanting the firsthand information, the personal testimony, which would be important in self-defense. I deferred to his judgment--and kicked myself for doing it when the news from the Appian Way began to sizzle.

I've known Elizabeth since she was nine years old, innocent and lovely as a day in spring. I liked, and pitied, her from the start, when her mother, bursting with ambition, brought her to my house one day to have her sing for me. Mrs. Sara Taylor was an actress from Iowa who had appeared just twice on Broadway before she married Francis Taylor, who worked for his uncle, Howard Young, as a manager of art galleries on both sides of the Atlantic. When World War II came along, she was in raptures to find herself with a beautiful young daughter, living right next door to Hollywood--her husband came to manage the gallery in the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Sara Taylor had never gotten over Broadway. She wanted to have a glamorous life again through her child. She had the idea at first that Elizabeth could be turned into another Deanna Durbin, who had a glittering name in those days. "Now sing for Miss Hopper," she commanded her daughter as soon as our introductions were over and we were sitting by the baby grand in my living room.

"Do you play the accompaniment?" I asked. "I can't."

"No, but she can sing without any. Elizabeth!"

It struck me as a terrifying thing to ask a little child to do for a stranger. But in a quivering voice, half swooning with fright, this lovely, shy creature with enormous violet eyes piped her way through her song. It was one of the most painful ordeals I've ever witnessed.

I remembered seeing the four-room cottage--simple to the point where water had to be heated on the kitchen stove--in which Elizabeth was born. Little Swallows was its name, and it sat in the woods of her

godfather, Victor Cazelet; his English estate, Great Swifts, was in Kent. She had a pony there and grew to love animals like her chipmunk, "Nibbles," which ran up my bare arm when she brought it around on a visit one day. I screamed like a banshee, but Elizabeth was as patronizing as only a schoolgirl can be.

"It's only a chipmunk; it won't hurt you," she promised scornfully.

You couldn't have wished for a sweeter child. She would certainly have been happier leading that simple life close to woods and wild things to be tamed, maybe through all her years. But her mother had been bitten by the Broadway bug, and few women recover from that.

Once the family was settled in Hollywood, Mrs. Taylor maneuvered the support of J. Cheaver Cowden, a big stockholder in Universal Pictures, to get a contract for her daughter at that studio. Elizabeth was there for one year, but studio chieftains always resent anybody who's brought in over their heads through front-office influence. They made sure the girl got nowhere fast. Her mother tried everything to find her another job, but it was her father who happened to land her at MGM through a chance remark he made to producer Sam Marx when they were patrolling their beat together as fellow air-raid wardens. She was given a bit in _Lassie Come Home_, then blossomed in _National Velvet_ with Mickey Rooney.

I remember the day she cinched in her belt, which showed her charms to perfection, and Mickey turned to me and said: "Why, she is a woman."

"She is fourteen," I replied. He started toward her. I caught him by the seat of the pants. "Lay a hand on her, and you will have to answer to me. She is a child."

He looked hard at me and said, "I believe you would beat me up."

"I sure would."

Victor Cazelet, on a wartime mission for the British Government to New York, wanted desperately to get to California to see the godchild he adored. Though he was a millionaire in his homeland, strict currency controls meant that he hadn't any dollars to pay the fare. He was staying as a house guest of Mrs. Ogden Reid, owner of the New York _Herald Tribune_ in those days, but he had qualms about borrowing from her.

When he telephoned me, I had what I thought was a brain wave: "What about Victor Sassoon? He's rich as Croesus, and he's holed up through the war at the Garden of Allah." I wanted to call him at that exotic sanctuary on the Sunset Strip, where the likes of Scott Fitzgerald, Robert Benchley, and Humphrey Bogart used to frolic before it was

demolished to make way for Bart Lytton's bank.

"He doesn't do anything for anybody," Victor warned me, but I couldn't be convinced until I spoke to Sassoon myself. Lend Cazelet dollars just to visit his godchild? "Certainly not," growled the old tightwad. "He's got plenty of money of his own."

So I booked Victor into the Ebell Theatre in Los Angeles to give a lecture to earn his passage money west. He stayed with the Taylors for a week, which was the last he saw of Elizabeth. Several months later the Nazis shot down the plane he was in, believing that Winston Churchill was aboard. They were halfway right. Victor was on a mission for his friend Winston Churchill.

I remember Elizabeth visiting my house with Jean Simmons when she was on her way back from the South Seas and the filming there of _Blue Lagoon_. They sat together on the long settee in the den, bright as birds and chattering nineteen to the dozen. I thought I had never seen two more beautiful young girls.

As the years went by, I saw Elizabeth through many romances and four marriages, starting with Nicky Hilton. He was a boy, and I don't believe he'd had too much experience. On their European honeymoon he left her too much alone, though everyone wanted to meet his beautiful bride. When she came home, she took a second-story apartment in Westwood with a back entrance on an alley. Before she had a chance to sort out what had happened to her, the parade of suitors began--married men, stars. Did any of them love her and try to help? No. They used her. I'm making no excuses for her, but I'm trying to be objective.

Then she was put into another picture. She was exhausted from working too hard and too fast in the rat race on the sound stages. She was swamped with advice from everybody. She couldn't tell true from false. Thus it went from one man to another, one picture to another, until she fell in love with Michael Wilding, who was twenty years older than she. Was she unconsciously looking for a strong father? She loved her own, but he didn't stand up to his wife.

When I spoke to her about Michael, she exclaimed, "I love him, I love him, I love him."

"You don't know what love is. You don't know what you're talking about. He's sophisticated, he's gracious, but I beg you not to marry him."

She didn't listen then or later. She drove Wilding into marriage. "I _am_ too old for you," he'd argue. "It will never last, Elizabeth."

"I love you, and you're going to marry me, that's all," she would say.

Then Mike left for England and Liz followed him. From that marriage came two sons, Michael and Christopher. After each birth she had to go to work too soon. Before she could face the cameras, she had to take off pounds in a hurry, just as Judy Garland did, and it weakened her health.

Mike was given a contract at Metro, her studio, but when it ran out it wasn't renewed. During this time she bought two homes, the second because the first wasn't big enough for two children, a nurse, and Mike's eighty-six-year-old father, whom she brought over from England to stay with them. The studio paid for both houses, deducting the money from her salary, which was standard practice.

I knew the marriage was over when Mike started to criticize her in public--before strangers, before anyone. She never stopped working. She was a lady, America's queen of queens, who loved her children and was a good mother to them.

She played in _Giant_ with Jimmy Dean, whom she respected and loved like a brother. His senseless death shattered her nerves. Her director, George Stevens, was mad about her and had been since she made _A Place in the Sun_ for him.

Liz talks to Hedda at a party.

I saw her on her good days and bad. In _Raintree County_ and _Suddenly, Last Summer_, she got to know Montgomery Clift and admired him. Then he raced his car down the hill from her home after a drinking bout with Wilding there, ran into a telegraph pole, and nearly died. Elizabeth sped after him, crawled into the wrecked car, and held his head in her lap until the ambulance arrived. Soaked with blood, she rode to the hospital with him and stayed long enough to know that he'd live.

Then along came Michael Todd, who taught her an awful lot about love and living. He was one of the most sophisticated and ruthless men in show business. He had gone through the jungle of Broadway and come out with many scars.

After Mike had made _Around the World in Eighty Days_, he wanted someone to help sell it. Who else but the queen of the movies? I don't think he needed her more than she needed him, but they fell in love, and he taught her everything he knew about sex, good and bad. He proposed to her in the office MGM gave him at the studio when he was shooting _Around the World_. He said: "Elizabeth, I love you, and I'm going to marry you, and from now on you'll know nobody but me." Only he didn't say "know."

They were married in Mexico, and they started one of the craziest, fightingest, most passionate love matches recorded in modern times. She appeared in the newspapers and magazines every day, every issue. Every facet of their lives was exploited for the benefit of love-starved fans. Gold poured into the box office for her pictures and his _Around the World_.

He bought her the world, or as much of it as he could lay hands on: a new jewel or a half dozen of them every Saturday; a plane; a villa in France; dresses by the hundred. Whatever she wanted, she got. He knew he was spoiling her rotten, but he loved to see her face light up when she saw his presents. For the Academy Award show where he expected her to collect an Oscar for _Raintree County_, he bought her a diamond tiara. "Hasn't every girl got one?" he asked blandly. He gave her a Rolls-Royce and a $92,000 diamond ring.

"Don't spoil her," I told him time and again. "She's impossible enough already."

In return she gave him a daughter. Her pregnancy was heralded like Queen Elizabeth's or Princess Margaret's. She had an operation that almost took her life. She has two vertebrae in her back that came from a bone bank. I didn't know about that until she told me. The baby arrived, Liza, a dark-eyed witch who at three months could read your mind.

Mike used to say: "If you want to be a millionaire, live like one." For the London opening of his picture, Elizabeth was draped in a ruby-and-diamond necklace, with bracelet and earrings to match. It was an occasion straight out of the Arabian Nights.

In London for all the high jinks, I watched Eddie Fisher's maneuvers to pay court to Elizabeth in the enormous suite at the Dorchester where Mr. and Mrs. Michael Todd were registered. Debbie lingered in the

Fisher suite several floors below. I had missed Elizabeth and Mike like the dickens when they left Hollywood in advance. They made me promise I'd be in London with them for the _Around the World_ hullabaloo.

When I checked into the hotel, there was a message from Mike inviting me to see them. I unpacked, changed, then went on up to the top floor, which was taken up entirely by their double suite. I happened to walk first into Liz's half. There she sat, bulgingly pregnant in a white lace robe, with her bare feet on a coffee table, drinking Pimm's No. 1 from a pitcher at her side, with the diamond tiara hanging out of a pasteboard box.

I left Elizabeth and went into Mike's suite. He was talking to four of the most prominent newspaper publishers in London about the opening of the picture, and they were laying out the seating of the theater, since royalty would attend. Crawling around the floor were Elizabeth's two sons, picking caviar sandwiches off a low table and stuffing themselves. I gathered the children up, took them back to Liz, and closed the door firmly. Just then Eddie Fisher came in to pay his respects to Liz. He was in and out all the time.

Mike was frantically busy with two spectacular shows to put on, on the screen for his premiere and at Battersea Festival Gardens, where he threw a champagne-and-fun-fair shindig for two thousand people to celebrate his picture, scoring a triumph that gave him every front page in London, except _The Times_.

He gave us plastic raincoats, to save us from the pelting rain, but we didn't use them. We slithered in mud and scooped coins by the fistful from ash cans he'd had filled to provide fares for all the rides. The Duke of Marlborough stood patiently in the rain with Jock Whitney, waiting to climb on a carrousel. I rode around on my painted charger with Ali Khan and Bettina ahead of me and, in back, a gaitered bishop with his wife. Liz wore a Christian Dior gown in ruby red chiffon. The Doug Fairbankses were there, Deborah Kerr, financier Charles Glore. Debbie and Eddie showed up together. And the Duchess of Argyll, classically understating it, observed as the fun began: "I hear that this is going to be just an intimate little gathering for a few friends." The Gilbert Millers, with Cecil Beaton, left before the fireworks. It was too damp for them.

It was one of the few times I saw Mr. and Mrs. Fisher side by side. Every time Mike asked me to the top floor, Eddie would be there but never Debbie; she might just as well have been sitting home in Hollywood.

The pitcher of Pimm's, the white lace robe, bare feet on a coffee table--and Eddie. That was the pattern. Eddie had latched onto Mike. "You're just like a son to me," Mike used to say, sincerely attached

to the hero from Philadelphia, happy that Liz had company during her pregnancy.

The first time I'd ever seen Eddie he'd come sauntering into Romanoff's, Beverly Hills, for luncheon surrounded by ten characters who seemed more familiar with punching bags than pianos. "Who in the name of God is that?" I asked my table mate. "And who are those terrible-looking men with him?"

"That's Eddie Fisher; they're his handlers."

"Handlers?" said I. "Is he a prize fighter? I'd heard he was a singer."

I took him to the Fourth of July garden party at the United States Embassy in London a few days after Mike's opening. Jock Whitney, our ambassador then, sent the invitation, and I invited Mike. But he was too busy and suggested his protégé, who was standing by, as usual. We were offered a glass of champagne before leaving, but Eddie declined. "You know I never drink," he told Mike blandly. "Nothing but Coca-Cola."

In my rented Rolls we drove to the embassy. Making our way through the crowds, I introduced Eddie to Jock and Betsy Whitney, who was looking very frail after a recent operation. She and I sat for a few minutes chatting, while Eddie hung around. As we walked away he asked: "Who'd you say those people were?"

"I introduced you to Mr. and Mrs. Jock Whitney."

"Who are they?"

"He just happens to be our Ambassador to the Court of St. James's."

"Oh," said Eddie, "_oh_."

In one of the marquees put up for the occasion I was offered some bourbon and water. "I'd like some champagne," Eddie told the waiter.

"Sorry, sir, but we're not serving champagne."

"Then I'll take a dry martini."

"I'm afraid we can't mix drinks--too many people here today, sir. We can offer you whisky, gin, vodka, or bourbon."

"Well, then, I'll have a scotch and soda," said my nondrinking companion.

As we left he walked over to the U. S. Air Force Band, which was playing there, borrowed the baton, and conducted the orchestra. What

some of the London newspapers said the next morning about that bit of ham-handed showmanship would have driven a more sensitive man into a knothole.

Back in Hollywood, Liz started on another picture, _Cat on a Hot Tin Roof_. Then came the spring day when the plane, _Lucky Liz_, dived into the desert in New Mexico; the end of Mike Todd was almost the end of her.

She finished the picture like a trouper only weeks later. The following July I flew with her to New York. We sat up aboard the airliner until 3 A.M. talking about the happiness she had known with Mike. She showed me his wedding ring, taken from his finger after death. “I’ll wear it always,” she said. “They’ll have to cut it off my finger before they’ll get it off my hand.”

I took her to the first party she went to after Mike’s death. Though Arthur Loew, Jr., the producer, had her children in his home, she then had a suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel. When I went in, it looked as though a cyclone had hit her bedroom. Every dress she owned had been pulled out of the closets and thrown onto tables, chairs, bed or floor. She was wailing, “What shall I wear?” as soon as I opened the door.

I picked up a red dress. “This.”

“But it’s the first time I’ve been out. I can’t wear red.”

“Wear it,” I said. On the bathroom window sill, by an open window with no screen on it, I saw the big diamond ring Mike had given her, left there unnoticed. I took it in to her. “Did you miss this?”

She glanced at her fingers. “Oh yes. My ring. Thanks.”

“You’ve got to watch things like this, Elizabeth.”

There was not much else to be said then and there to do her any good. We rolled down to Romanoff’s in her Rolls an hour and a half late. Everybody clustered around her as though she were a queen. I am sure she believed she was.

That night she’d taken me up to see Liza, who was quartered in a crib in a room of Arthur Loew’s house no bigger than a closet, with its only ventilation provided by a skylight that could be pulled open by a thin chain. The room was sizzling. “Good Lord, Liz,” I cried. “She can’t get enough air in here.”

“Oh, she’s all right,” her mother said, turning on the light to wake her. The baby woke silently--I have never heard her cry. She opened her eyes wide and looked straight into mine. It was impossible to

believe she didn't know what I was thinking. My own eyes lowered in self-protection.

Liz spread the word that she was getting ready to go off on a long vacation in Europe with Mike's long-time Japanese secretary, Midori Tsuji. Eddie talked about having business to attend to that kept him in New York. Debbie Reynolds believed both of them. Through the closeness of Mike Todd and Eddie Fisher, Elizabeth and Debbie had become what Hollywood called "best friends." Liz, in fact, looked down her nose at Debbie and usually referred to her as "that little Girl Scout."

Debbie and I went together to an "all young" party at Arthur Loew's home in a new car Eddie had bought her. Elizabeth was away in New York, restless, without the remotest idea of what she really wanted. One thing she was sure of--she didn't want Arthur Loew much longer, though she knew he was deeply in love with her.

The only guests at that party who would acknowledge to being middle-aged without a battle were Milton Berle and myself. The house rocked to the blare of records by Sammy Davis, Jr. There was nothing else to play. He had sneaked in early and hidden every other album. Most of the girls had squeezed themselves into Capri pants as tight as their skins and a hundred times more brilliant.

"Wonder if they can sit down without splitting 'em back and front?" said Milton.

"Doubt it," said I--whoever invented Capri pants had his mind on rape.

I left early with Debbie. "What's keeping Eddie so long in New York?" I asked, suspicious nature showing.

Debbie Reynolds trapped between Louella Parsons and Hedda Hopper.

"Oh, he'll be back here tomorrow," she answered dutifully. Of course he wasn't. He took a detour by way of Grossinger's, that Catskill haven of rest and romance, where he had married and honeymooned with Debbie. There, he and Liz had arranged a rendezvous.

Then Liz arrived back in town, and every newspaperman was combing the thickets trying to find her. Eddie, too, was back home with his wife and two children, though reporters camping outside their house could safely assume that the marriage was breaking up, if the shouts they heard through the walls were any clue. Newsmen looked in vain for Liz after she whisked into the Beverly Hills Hotel, then ducked out through the Polo Lounge into a waiting car. I had an idea she would be hiding out in the house of Kurt Frings. He is her agent, and can take credit for finishing off the revolution begun by Myron Selznick, a pioneer in the business of squeezing producers dry and making the stars today's rulers of Hollywood. I'd put an earlier call in to her, which she returned.

"Elizabeth," I said, "this is Hedda. Level with me, because I shall find out anyhow. What's this Eddie Fisher business all about? You're being blamed for taking Eddie away from Debbie. What have you got to say?"

I flapped a hand furiously for Pat, one of my secretaries, who had picked up the extension, to start taking shorthand fast. Elizabeth's voice was innocent as a schoolgirl's. "It's a lot of bull. I don't go about breaking up marriages. Besides, you can't break up a happy marriage. Debbie's and Eddie's never has been."

“I hear you even went to Grossinger’s with him.”

“Sure. We had a divine time.”

“What about Arthur Loew, Jr.? You’ve known he’s been in love with you for the past six months, and your kids are still living in his house.”

“I can’t help how he feels about me.”

I sighed--I sometimes do. “Well, you can’t hurt Debbie like this without hurting yourself more, because she loves him.”

“He’s not in love with her and never has been.”

“What do you think Mike would say to this?”

“He and Eddie loved each other,” she said.

“No, you’re wrong. Mike loved Eddie. Eddie never loved anybody but himself.”

“Well,” she said calmly, “Mike’s dead and I’m alive.”

My voice was rising with my temper. “Let me tell you, my girl, this is going to hurt you much more than it will Debbie Reynolds. People love her more than they love you or Eddie Fisher.”

“What am I supposed to do? Ask him to go back to her and try? He can’t. Now if he did, they’d destroy each other. Well, good luck to her if she can get him. I’m not taking away anything from her because she never really had it.”

We went at each other for a minute or two longer before we hung up. By then, she had said something that sent my anger soaring like a rocket. I didn’t include that quote in the story I snapped out in five minutes flat and got it out on the news wires before I could start to simmer down. I had been very fond of Mike Todd, who had been dead not quite six months. This is what Elizabeth Taylor had to say that set me alight: “What do you expect me to do? Sleep alone?”

The story ran front page in the Los Angeles _Times_ and many more newspapers that syndicate Hopper. The Hearst papers, at least in Los Angeles and San Francisco, paraphrased my scoop and lifted the quotes without giving me as much as a nod by way of credit.

One of the first people to read it was Elizabeth. She called the next day, naturally furious, storming over a portrait in print which she believed pictured her as being as cruel and heartless as a black-widow spider. I must say I had no regret. If she’d been my own daughter, I’d

have done it. Without a sense of integrity you can't sleep nights.

"Of course, I didn't think you'd print it," she said. "You betrayed me."

"You didn't say it was off the record," I answered. "And it had to be printed."

That was the last time we spoke to each other for a year. At the office the mail started arriving in stacks, all in Debbie's favor.

Another call came that day from Debbie. She hadn't seen a newspaper, she said. "You can't stick your head in the sand," said I.

Debbie, who is as shrewd as she is pretty, knew she had been cheated. She needed no prodding to be frank. "Obviously, the man loved me. We had lots of problems the first year and a half we were married. We went to a marriage counselor for advice. We both wanted to make it work. When he left for New York, he kissed me good-by and we were very close. It didn't mean anything that my husband had to go to New York on a business trip. I had no reason to be suspicious."

It wasn't the moment to tell her once again that Eddie had never wanted to marry her. In my book, the little baritone from Philadelphia wanted a reputation as a great lover. He preened in the publicity that marrying her brought him, but I believe she forced that marriage. His Svengali, Milton Blackstone, didn't want it--the men who steer any entertainer's career always scheme to keep him single because a wife is an interfering nuisance in their plans. After Debbie had received an engagement ring, plus barrel loads of publicity, Eddie answered a call to Grossinger's. A friend advised Debbie: "Pack your wedding gown and trousseau. Get on a plane quietly and go after him, then he'll marry you." She accepted the advice, and Eddie accepted her. At least she got what she wanted, then.

The storms continued to blow for months. Liz complained to one reporter, Joe Hyams, that I had "betrayed" her, and swore for the dozenth time that she wanted to quit Hollywood, though work for the time being was "therapeutic"--and her pay was rocketing up toward a million dollars a picture. Debbie applied for a divorce, but that wasn't fast enough for Eddie. He got a quick end to their marriage in Las Vegas. Liz and he were married in that paradise of syndicates and slot machines on May 12, 1959, after she had embraced his religion and dragged her parents out of the background to lend a look of dignity to the proceedings.

Elizabeth's hatred lasted for a year. But when she had packed to leave for England and the first disastrous attempt to make _Cleopatra_, she called. "Hedda, don't you think we ought to be friends again?"

“Yes, I should like that.”

“So should I. Let’s get together as soon as I’m back.”

Before she returned, she had nearly died in London with the lining of her brain inflamed by an infected tooth. The first of the millions that Twentieth Century-Fox was going to pour down the drain had vanished in _Cleopatra_. But the women of America, who’d been ready to all but stone her, forgave everything because of her illness. She had been back in town forty-eight hours when the telephone rang: “Will you come over, Hedda?”

“I’d love to. Will Liza be there? I’m anxious to see her.”

Before I left, I wrapped a gift Mike had given me one Christmas along with other things--a music box that played the theme of _Around the World_. I took a present for each of the two boys, too. Liz and her sons were drawing pictures for each other when I arrived. The children accepted their gifts graciously, then Liza wound her box, the first she’d ever seen.

After she had played the tinkling little tune over and over, she gravely allowed each brother one turn apiece. Then she wound it again and danced with each of them around the room. At last it was my turn. We held hands tight and waltzed until everyone but Liza was completely exhausted. But she still went on winding and winding the key to play the tune again.

Liz looked pale, quite different from the woman I’d last seen. “You won’t know me,” she said. “I came so near death I’m just thankful to be alive. I lie out in the sun, listen to the birds sing, look at the blue sky, and say: ‘Thank God for letting me live.’”

I believed her. She felt in that mood that day. Later, inevitably, we talked about the telephone call she had made one shattering September morning in 1958 and how she was “betrayed.”

“I considered you my second mother,” she said. “As a matter of fact, I loved you better than I loved my mother. You were kinder to me than she was. That you could do what you did nearly killed me.”

“That one line you spoke did it, Liz. I couldn’t take it. That was why it was done.”

We had several visits after that before I went on a visit to New York and she whirled off on a trip to Moscow. When we were both back in Hollywood again, she was another creature entirely, out most nights instead of resting and restoring herself to health for her next stab at

Cleopatra, in Rome this time.

Champagne was ruled out during her convalescence, so she drank beer. She'd send her chauffeur down to Dave Chasen's restaurant to pick up two quarts of chile, which she'd eat to accompany the beer. When she left for Italy, she was too fat to fit any of her costumes. Her doctor had to be flown out from Hollywood to put her on a crash diet so she could be photographed as the Serpent of the Nile in the most balled-up motion-picture production of all time.

She won her Academy Award not for _Butterfield 8_ but for nearly dying. And her studio joined in by putting on a terrific public-relations campaign against Debbie--with planted stories in fan magazines and loaded interviews for the newspapers--to clinch sympathy for Liz.

* * * * *

She has become Cleopatra to the life now, and the world is her oyster. What she wants, she takes, come hell or high water--and this includes Richard Burton. In the huge Roman villa which she made her home during _Cleopatra's_ making, she reigned like an empress, reclining on a chaise, summoning Eddie to bring guests up to her for an audience. The honored guest would sit on one side of her with Eddie on the other; Liz would delicately place a hand on her breast before she spoke a regal word of greeting.

In the old days the scandal of the past four years would have killed her professionally. In these changed times it seems only to help her reputation. The million dollars and more which her _Cleopatra_ contract gave her was doled out, at her insistence, in installments on every morning of shooting. She consented to work only after the day's check for $9000, drawn on a United States bank, lay snugly in her hand. While he lasted, Eddie drew $1500 a week for getting his wife to the set on time. Yet she spends money faster than she makes it. If Twentieth Century-Fox had gotten ruined, putting more than $35,000,000 into the picture before there was any hope of completing it, she didn't give a damn.

At Liz's say-so, Eddie had adopted Liza Todd, though Michael Wilding wouldn't let him take over the two boys. Even after he knew what was going on in Rome, Eddie hung on. Allegedly, he's the one who told Richard Burton's wife, Sybil, the truth and drew the Welshman's question: "Now why did you have to go and spoil everything?"

Eddie wasn't his smiling self when he flew to Rome to try to quash the news of the romance. Liz was in the hospital again; the newspapers said "food poisoning," but the real diagnosis was too many sleeping pills. Even after he landed back in New York, he was still declaring the marriage to be a happy one--until Liz spelled it out for him in three

words over the telephone.

At last she finished the picture and gave herself the asp, and I predict that Burton will turn his back on her, after every woman in the world blamed her once again for taking somebody else's husband. But Burton didn't have to submit in the first place.

Can you picture him passing up Liz and simultaneously collecting more publicity than ever Mark Antony and Caesar combined received in their prime? He started the romance with Liz just as Eddie did in his day, when he was sitting at her feet before Mike Todd was dead.

Men are supposed to be the stronger sex. I do not condone what Liz has done. I do condemn these fellows who followed her around like puppy dogs. They took her favors as long as she'd give, then each and every one of them wanted more.

What's left for Liz but to go on repeating her mistakes? What's to become of her? I'm not a prophet, but I have a terrible suspicion.

"Boys Not Allowed."

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *Bits about Home Matters*, by Helen Hunt Jackson

It was a conspicuous signboard, at least four feet long, with large black letters on a white ground: "Boys not allowed." I looked at it for some moments in a sort of bewildered surprise: I did not quite comprehend the meaning of the words. At last I understood it. I was waiting in a large railway station, where many trains connect; and most of the passengers from the train in which I was were eating dinner in a hotel near by. I was entirely alone in the car, with the exception of one boy, who was perhaps eleven years old. I made an involuntary ejaculation as I read the words on the sign, and the boy looked around at me.

"Little boy," said I, solemnly, "do you see that sign?"

He turned his head, and, reading the ominous warning, nodded sullenly, but said nothing.

"Boy, what does it mean?" said I. "Boys must be allowed to come into this railway station. There are two now standing in the doorway directly under the sign."

The latent sympathy in my tone touched his heart. He left his seat, and, coming to mine, edged in past me; and, putting his head out of the window, read the sentence aloud in a contemptuous tone. Then he offered me a peanut, which I took; and he proceeded to tell me what he thought of the sign.

"Boys not allowed!" said he. "That's just the way 'tis everywhere; but I never saw the sign up before. It don't make any difference, though, whether they put the sign up or not. Why, in New York (you live in New York, don't you?) they won't even stop the horse-cars for a boy to get on. Nobody thinks any thing'll hurt a boy; but they're glad enough to 'allow' us when there's any errands to be done, and"--

"Do you live in New York?" interrupted I; for I did not wish to hear the poor little fellow's list of miseries, which I knew by heart beforehand without his telling me, having been hopeless knight-errant of oppressed boyhood all my life.

Yes, he "lived in New York," and he "went to a grammar school," and he had "two sisters." And so we talked on in that sweet, ready, trustful talk which comes naturally only from children's lips, until the "twenty minutes for refreshments" were over, and the choked and crammed passengers, who had eaten big dinners in that breath of time, came hurrying back to their seats. Among them came the father and mother of my little friend. In angry surprise at not finding him in the seat where they left him, they exclaimed,--

"Now, where _is_ that boy? Just like him! We might have lost every one of these bags."

"Here I am, mamma," he called out, pleasantly. "I could see the bags all the time. Nobody came into the car."

"I told you not to leave the seat, sir. What do you mean by such conduct?" said the father.

"Oh, no, papa," said poor Boy, "you only told me to take care of the bags." And an anxious look of terror came into his face, which told only too well under how severe a _regime_ he lived. I interposed hastily with--

"I am afraid I am the cause of your little son's leaving his seat. He had sat very still till I spoke to him; and I believe I ought to take all the blame."

The parents were evidently uncultured, shallow people. Their irritation with him was merely a surface vexation, which had no real foundation in a deep principle. They became complaisant and smiling at my first word, and Boy escaped with a look of great relief to another seat, where they gave him a simple luncheon of saleratus gingerbread. "Boys not allowed" to go

in to dinner at the Massasoit, thought I to myself; and upon that text I sat sadly meditating all the way from Springfield to Boston.

How true it was, as the little fellow had said, that "it don't make any difference whether they put the sign up or not!" No one can watch carefully any average household where there are boys, and not see that there are a thousand little ways in which the boys' comfort, freedom, preference will be disregarded, when the girls' will be considered. This is partly intentional, partly unconscious. Something is to be said undoubtedly on the advantage of making the boy realize early and keenly that manhood is to bear and to work, and womanhood is to be helped and sheltered. But this should be inculcated, not inflicted; asked, not seized; shown and explained, not commanded. Nothing can be surer than the growth in a boy of tender, chivalrous regard for his sisters and for all women, if the seeds of it be rightly sown and gently nurtured. But the common method is quite other than this. It begins too harshly and at once with assertion or assumption.

"Mother never thinks I am of any consequence," said a dear boy to me, the other day. "She's all for the girls."

This was not true; but there was truth in it. And I am very sure that the selfishness, the lack of real courtesy, which we see so plainly and pitiably in the behavior of the average young man to-day is the slow, certain result of years of just such feelings as this child expressed. The boy has to scramble for his rights. Naturally he is too busy to think much about the rights of others. The man keeps up the habit, and is negatively selfish without knowing it.

Take, for instance, the one point of the minor courtesies (if we can dare to call any courtesies minor) of daily intercourse. How many people are there who habitually speak to a boy of ten, twelve, or fourteen with the same civility as to his sister, a little younger or older?

"I like Miss----," said this same dear boy to me, one day; "for she always bids me good-morning."

Ah! never is one such word thrown away on a loving, open-hearted boy. Men know that safe through all the wear and tear of life they keep far greener the memory of some woman or some man who was kind to them in their boyhood than of the friend who helped or cheered them yesterday.

Dear, blessed, noisy, rollicking, tormenting, comforting Boy! What should we do without him? How much we like, without suspecting it, his breezy presence in the house! Except for him, how would errands be done, chairs brought, nails driven, cows stoned out of our way, letters carried, twine and knives kept ready, lost things found, luncheon carried to picnics, three-year-olds that cry led out of meeting, butterflies and birds' nests and birch-bark got, the horse taken round to the stable, borrowed things

sent home,--and all with no charge for time?

Dear, patient, busy Boy! Shall we not sometimes answer his questions? Give him a comfortable seat? Wait and not reprove him till after the company has gone? Let him wear his best jacket, and buy him half as many neckties as his sister has? Give him some honey, even if there is not enough to go round? Listen tolerantly to his little bragging, and help him "do" his sums?

With a sudden shrill scream the engine slipped off on a side-track, and the cars glided into the great, grim city-station, looking all the grimmer for its twinkling lights. The masses of people who were waiting and the masses of people who had come surged toward each other like two great waves, and mingled in a moment. I caught sight of my poor little friend, Boy, following his father, struggling along in the crowd, carrying two heavy carpet-bags, a strapped bundle, and two umbrellas, and being sharply told to "Keep up close there."

"Ha!" said I, savagely, to myself, "doing porters' work is not one of the things which 'boys' are 'not allowed.'"

SEVEN

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Adventures of a Woman Hobo*, by Ethel Lynn

Thursday, May 14th.

Before the open door of a “side-door Pullman” I sit at ease on our bedding roll with my diary on my knees, watching the Iowa prairie billow past. What a relief to view the stretches of gluey, sloppy road, serene in the knowledge that for the present at least we are free from its sticky toils.

We lunched last Monday beside the Stockdale siding and while packing our belongings preparatory to another tussle with the bike, a freight train pulled in. The train crew surveyed us with vast interest, and as the engine backed slowly past, the engineer leaned far out of the cab window.

“Whither away?” he queried.

“California or bust,” yelled Dan.

The long train jarred to a stop on the siding. A brakeman appeared and

entered into conversation.

“It must be pretty fierce to ride a wheel through that mud,” he volunteered.

“You bet it is,” agreed Dan, “and the track isn’t much better. If I bark any more hide off my shins, I’ll have to buy a pair of crutches.”

With a shriek and a roar a passenger train thundered through. The freight pulled slowly off the siding. The engineer leaned out as before, his big, good-natured mouth stretched in a broad grin, his right arm swinging with a scooping motion.

“Get aboard! Get aboard!” he shouted.

Dan and I exchanged glances. With one accord we jumped for the wheel which stood loaded for the start, and ran it along beside the track. Car after car groaned past. The caboose appeared. A brakeman leaned from the step and grasped the handle bars, the conductor lent a hand, and in a moment our old machine was being hoisted upon the platform while Dan and I scrambled up the steps.

Followed a detailed account of our aims and adventures, which was listened to with keen attention. The train crew held a council of war to determine the best means of procedure. About half way up the train was situated an empty box car, and to this we were transferred as soon as darkness had fallen. We spread our blankets on the floor and composed ourselves for sleep.

But alas and alack! A new crew had come aboard, who had chosen our resting place for a bumper and appeared to be switching all the cars on the middle division with it. We would enter a siding with much grinding and jarring, coming to a stop with a jolt. The train would be uncoupled in the middle, our car would advance with increasing speed, then—whang—we would bump the standing gondolas, the train would buckle at each coupling with a resounding thumping, the engine would jerk us backward, and we were off to repeat the performance.

Towards morning the door of the box car slid softly open and several men piled in. Dan asked them what they wanted and one replied, “It’s all right, Bo. We’re west-bound bundle stiffs same as yourself.”

Great was their amazement when the morning light revealed the presence of a woman. About sunrise, two jumped out to “rustle some grub” while the engine stopped for water.

The train was moving out and we had given them up, when here they came, helter skelter, and leaped aboard the speeding car. One had some slices of meat and bread in a newspaper, while the other carried part of a loaf

of bread. The food was unhesitatingly divided among the five of us and was greatly appreciated.

The scant meal finished, we settled down to talk. I was amazed at the mentality displayed by the smallest fellow, a member of the I. W. W. He seemed conversant with all the questions of the day, and expressed in excellent language clear cut opinions on industrial subjects that were both novel and startling. They were all workers, but jobs were scarce where they came from, so they were going west in the hope of bettering their condition. The fact that thousands were at that moment travelling in the opposite direction, impelled by self-same conditions, failed to deter them.

One was a big, husky chap with rugged, honest features and the true brown eyes of a Collie. His story interested me greatly.

Born among collieries, he was driven to work as a breaker boy at a very early age by the wretched poverty of his parents. After several years of deadening toil at a time when he should have been in school, he drifted away to join the great army of migratory workers. He worked on a threshing machine while the harvest was in progress, and at its close what little money he had been able to save was consumed while searching for another job. Perhaps he got work with pick and shovel in some construction gang, but the contractor's system of low wages, high board bills, charges for physician's care—which most do not receive—and the like, kept him destitute. He called at an employment office, where he paid two dollars for a job, was worked just long enough to pay for transportation, board and monthly fees, then discharged without wages, his employer and the agent dividing up the original fee. From coast to coast he wandered, sweating in the dust and heat of summer through long hours of racking labor, in order to escape starvation in the idle months of winter.

His eyes grew dark and wistful as he shyly confessed his one love affair. He had secured employment in a little lumber mill and made such a good impression on the boss, who was also the owner, that he was taken to board in his own home. Here the poor fellow got his first idea of what home life might mean. He fell in love with the daughter of the house, who seemed to reciprocate, but before they could enter into any formal engagement the lumber trust put the mill out of business, ruining the owner, who was forced to leave that part of the country.

Try as he would, the young man could secure no steady employment and marriage without such foundation was out of the question.

"I saw enough of getting married on nothing when I was a boy," he concluded. "Wages are set for single men, I reckon. And after a bit a fellow can't earn a living for his family, so the wife and kiddies have to rustle out and work. Easy enough for them to get a job," he added

bitterly. “Many a time I’ve seen kids doing work that I’d been glad to get. But they can beat a man all out at working cheap. They got to work cheap or starve. I may be a good-for-nothing bundle stiff, but I’ve never got so low as to live off the work of little children.”

“Our good business men are not so finicky,” broke in the I. W. W. “A big profit looks good to them. If it comes from the coined sweat and blood of women and children, so much the better. Yes, women are cheaper than men, and kids are cheaper than women. After a bit they’ll get machines that are cheaper than kids, and then the brats can rot in the slums for all they care.”

“Why not let the people in general own the machines and run them for use instead of for profit? Then the men could do the work, the women could stay at home and the children go to school.” Thus spoke the quiet member of the trio.

“Shut up, you crazy socialist!” exclaimed the I. W. W. “You fellows won’t do anything but vote. You leave it to us. We’re the boys who’ll fix the machines, all right, all right. Yes, and the plutes, too.”

I remembered the many I. W. W. signs and notices that were posted along the way; the groups of men beneath the water tanks who listened eagerly to the harangues of such as he. Some even had told me that they had given up liquor because it blunted their faculties at a time when brains were needed in the workers’ fight against the capitalists. I seemed to hear a muttering as of a gathering storm; perhaps in the days preceding the French Revolution a similar murmuring rose.

There are so many like my dark-eyed acquaintance. He lost touch with his sweetheart, lost hope, lost ambition and now drifts aimlessly about the country in search of a bare subsistence.

It is he and the millions of his class who quarry the stone and hew the timber for our cities; they build the roadbed and lay the tracks for swiftly turning Pullman wheels; they mine the coal that warms our dwellings; they harvest the wheat that nourishes our bodies; without their labour industry would cease.

Yet life to them holds out no hope, no promise; their meagre earnings forbid the thought of marriage; their only home is some saloon; their final rest the potter’s field.

About ten o’clock a trainman poked his head inside the door.

“Hey, clear out, you fellows. This is no place for you when we enter the yard. Better beat it.”

The hoboes bade us adieu and sprang from the car. The brakeman leaped in beside us.

“We finish our run at the next stop,” he said. “The engineer will slow down at the outskirts of town and you jump off and hike out. You’ll find the main road over to the north.”

We thanked him warmly for his kindness and made ready to follow his advice. Soon the train slowed to a mere crawl. Dan leaped down and ran alongside, I swung out the wheel, which he seized, and in an instant I was standing beside him.

Waving farewell to the train crew, who had all turned out to see us off, we struck out for the main road. The straggling outskirts of a good-sized town lay before us.

“Tell you what,” I remarked after we had traversed some distance. “Suppose we stop in the residence section and look for work. I’ll offer to do washing or cleaning by the day, and you can cut the lawn, wash the automobile or something.”

Dan replied with a snort of righteous indignation. “Ever since you were bit by the crazy bug and started out to be a lady hobo you have lost all your natural pride, Ethel. It was bad enough for me, a high-class electrical engineer with a paid-up union card in my pocket, to stoop to the job of a common labourer as I did last week for your sake. Now I’ll be damned if I become a dirty roustabout and have some old hen ordering me around while I sweep off the front porch.”

“Oh, all right,” I answered cheerily. “But the interesting hour of high noon approacheth. Will you please be so kind as to furnish me with exact information regarding your financial standing? I am pained to confess myself the victim of a too familiar craving which calls aloud for attention.”

Dan thrust his hand into his pocket and withdrew a solitary ten cent piece, nor did a prolonged search of numerous pockets yield further riches.

“’Tis sad,” I sighed, “but a still voice tells me that that bit of silver will prove strangely inadequate to the demands of nature. However, no doubt you can dine off your natural pride, served up on your paid-up union card, while I eat a dime’s worth of doughnuts or something.”

We approached a rather pretentious place as I spoke. A large brass sign announced “J. Stanchley Loane, M.D., Physician and Surgeon.” I paused to study the white house with the red-roofed garage in the rear.

“This looks like a good place to make a start. Think I’ll just go in and call on my fellow practitioner and see what happens.”

Dan stepped in front of me. “Now see here, Ethel!” he began angrily. “Don’t go to pulling off foolish stunts. You are my wife and I absolutely forbid you to go about like an Irish washerwoman and——”

“Now see here, Dan!” I mimicked, breaking in upon his authoritative harangue, “I am your wife, ’tis true, but sad to say, the fact does not prevent me from growing hungry. ’Tis also true that I am only a graduate physician with a high-class appetite. I have no paid-up union card to stand between me and possible employment with its promise of a square meal. Moreover, I have never felt myself to be so wonderfully superior to the Irish washerwomen who earn an honest living by honest labour. At any rate, I shall not attempt to hold myself above them unless I can prove by my conduct that I have that right. Just now I fail to see how either you or I can do better than by marching up to that back door and asking for work like the genuine bundle stiffs that we are. Of course if you desire to remain here on the curb, upholding your dignity while I ask for employment, you are entirely at liberty to do so. As for me, I’m going in right now.”

As I turned up the concrete driveway Dan leaned the wheel against the fence and followed. I rapped at the door of the screen porch. The inner door was opened and a heavy-set man with bristling, reddish hair stepped out.

“Good morning, Doctor Loane,” I began. “My husband and I are cycling to California, and being short of funds are looking for employment. My husband is an excellent mechanic and will be glad to go over your car for you. I can cook, wash, scrub or do any kind of housework.”

The doctor looked us up and down with an insolent stare.

“So you can cook, can you? Suppose you come in and show what you can do. I’m alone in the house to-day. We have a devilish time with servants. Our last maid—a pretty little fool—got on her high horse and quit us yesterday, and the old harridan of a cook followed suit. My wife’s gone to town to get another bunch.”

“Sit down on the porch, you,” he ordered Dan, “and you step in here. There is the pantry and the ice chest. Throw together some sort of lunch and call me when it’s ready.” He waved his hand with a lordly air and disappeared into the front of the house.

A short inspection enabled me to determine on a suitable menu, and soon a very fair lunch was spread on the dining table.

“Humph! You are quite a clever piece of goods,” the doctor volunteered,

as I summoned him to the meal. “Go and feed your man now, and later we’ll find something more for you to do.”

The meal concluded, Dr. Loane took Dan to the garage, while I whisked the dishes away and tidied the kitchen. The doctor entered as I finished my task.

“There is some work to be attended to in my private office, and you are just the one to do it for me,” he grinned ingratiatingly.

I felt my face growing hot as I realised what he meant.

“What work do you want me to do?” I asked, rising to my feet.

He advanced with outstretched arms, a bestial demon looking out of his red-brown eyes. I backed behind the table, fury and dread causing my heart to beat tumultuously.

Just then a short ring came at the side entrance. Dr. Loane drew back with a muttered curse. We stood motionless for a moment. The bell rang again, insistently.

“You, you keep quiet now. Remember what you are,” he hissed, and strode to the door.

I lost no time in dashing to the garage, where I found Dan tinkering with the car.

“Come, Dan, quick! Let’s get out of here,” I cried.

“What’s up, Ethel?” He came out wiping his hands on a piece of waste.

“Never mind an explanation. I’ll tell you later.” I spoke imperiously. “Get the wheel now and don’t stop to talk.”

We started in the direction of the business section of the city.

“I think we had better take the wheel over by the railroad yard, Dan, and see if you can’t arrange for us to take a freight out of here. I’m a trifle nervous about that old beast of a doctor. He impressed me as the kind of man to make us trouble if possible, have us arrested or something.”

At the station I waited for Dan to see what arrangements he could make. In a few moments he returned to the waiting-room door with a troubled countenance.

“A freight is going to pull out in about an hour, but I haven’t been able to make any impression on the crew. You know, the rules are pretty

strict against carrying passengers on freight trains and the boys are afraid of their jobs. I think we'd better give up the idea and ride out on the bike. I cached it down at the end of the yard."

"I think I'd better talk to the trainmen, Dan," I replied seriously. "I'd like to get away as soon as possible. I am afraid the doctor may make trouble for us."

We walked up the track to where a freight engine was puffing back and forth placing cars in a long train, like a fussy old woman stringing beads. A lean-jawed man in blue denim with a conductor's cap pulled over his eyes turned at our approach.

"Good evening, Conductor," I began, looking him full in the face. "We have no money and we must get out of this town immediately. I should like to put our bicycle, which is down at the end of the yard, in some empty car that you are going to take out to-night, and get a lift for fifteen or twenty miles."

His keen grey eyes bored into mine. "What's the trouble that you got to get out of town? Been holding up somebody?" he queried gruffly.

"My husband and I rode into town this morning and started to hunt work as usual. We stopped at a doctor's house over on the north side, Doctor Stanchley Loane's, and he gave us work for the day. His wife was out, my husband was cleaning the auto in the garage, and while I was at work in his private office, he attacked me. I gave him the slip and got away. Now, if we ride the wheel out of town, I'm afraid he'll make trouble for us. He expects us to go that way."

"The old son-of-a——" the conductor stopped abruptly. "He's a bad egg all right. We all know that, but I scarcely thought he'd dare go so far. Of course, your being a sort of hobo——" He stopped again. "Reckon he didn't take a very close look at those shoulders of yours, or he wouldn't have tried to get fresh. Well, we'll see what can be done. Where did you say your wheel is?"

Dan described its location.

"All right. You go there and be ready. We'll shunt an empty down that way and when the coast seems clear, you pile aboard and lie low. It's a risky business, but it's all in a lifetime." He turned away and began signalling the engineer.

Dan and I scuttled down the track. When we had the wheel in hand, ready for loading, he turned to me.

"Did that old devil actually try to lay hands on you? Why didn't you tell me when you came out to the garage? I'd like to go back and crack

his nut for him."

"I'm glad enough to get out of the nasty scrape without any skull-cracking. You must remember that we are looked upon as hoboes, and hoboes have no rights. I do wish the men would hurry with that car."

As though in answer to my thought, a box car rolled gently down the track and came to a stop not ten feet from where we waited.

"Good shot," said Dan as we slid back the side door, which was ajar.

A long look around and I scrambled in, while Dan hoisted up the wheel and quickly followed. The bottom of the car was packed solid with radiators, which were piled almost to the top in the rear end, each tier held in place by heavy braces. We stacked the tandem in a convenient corner and crouched in silence on the crates.

Soon there came a clinking rumble, there was a slight jar, and our car moved up the line to take its place in the outgoing train.

An hour or more passed while the train roared on. Dan sat by the door, while I, lulled by the clank of wheels and the panting breath of the engine that was whirling us homeward, leaned against the radiator braces in the centre of the car and lost myself in dreams.

Came a shriek of the whistle, a grinding crash, and the floor of the car seemed to buckle under me while something dealt me a terrific blow between the shoulders, lifting me clear into the air and flinging me headlong against the front timbers.

Consciousness struggled back from the void of nothingness and I heard Dan's agonised voice in my ear.

"My God, Ethel, speak to me. Are you hurt? Oh, she doesn't answer! She can't be dead! Ethel! Ethel!"

As he dragged my limp body toward the door a flaming torture seared my lungs, my mouth filled with a hot, brackish fluid. "Wait," I gasped, half strangled. "Let me rest a moment. I'll be all right in a minute." He must not know my plight. I turned my head away as his groping fingers caressed my hair, thankful for the thick darkness as I freed my mouth of blood.

"Oh, thank God! Thank God!" he was whispering softly as he tried to lift me in his arms.

"Let me lie flat for a little while, dear. Then I'll get up. Are you all right?"

“Yes, I’m O.K. It wasn’t a regular wreck. We must have run into something. The shock threw the radiators about. The air seemed full of them, but I got off scot free. You and the tandem and the radiators were all in a scramble. I thought I should never get you out. You’re sure you are not hurt?”

“I feel rather shaken, but I believe there is nothing serious the matter. I had a rap that put me out for a few minutes, that’s all.”

“What happened?” called Dan to the conductor who approached with a lantern as I finished scrubbing the blood from my face.

“A drunken bum stalled his team on the crossing. The engine rounded the curve and was within a hundred feet before Sam saw the wagon. The good-for-nothing sot was off in front of the horses, else he would be in kingdom come. How did you come out? Did it shake you up much when Sam set the emergencies?”

“My wife had a pretty thorough pounding. The blamed radiators broke loose and piled up in the front of the car. Guess we’d better try another Pullman or clear out altogether. What do you want to do, Ethel?”

“Oh, let’s ride as far as we can. Even a freight train covers ground so quickly compared to our slow old wheel.”

“All right, but we’d better hunt another carriage.”

The conductor stood hesitating. “This radiator car is billed straight through to Frisco,” he informed us. “I picked her out for that reason. There ain’t many cars left open like she is. Don’t know how it comes she ain’t sealed shut. But if you have real good luck, you might be able to skate right through to Frisco in a week or ten days. It’ll be a pretty rough trip, but if you want to get to Cal in a hurry, it’ll beat pumping a bike.”

“Oh, Dan, we must try it. I’d ride the bumpers or the cowcatcher to get home in a week,” I cried, forgetting my pain in such a joyful prospect.

“It seems a trifle risky to trust those radiators again, but you’re the doctor, so here goes.”

As Dan settled down beside me the conductor slipped a bill into his hand and ducked away. The engineer signalled that he was ready to be off. When the train took the next siding to permit repairs on the engine, Dan secured a lantern and we straightened our tangled possessions and made ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night.

I was glad when Dan slept, for I feared he would notice my restless seeking for some posture in which I could forget my aches and pains in

sleep. But my hopes were in vain, for mind and body conspired to hold my nerves at a tension. The events of the day, which seemed of a month's duration, formed a kaleidoscopic jumble in my brain.

Morning dawned at last and I lay prone on the radiator crates, while Dan busied himself with the tandem, which had also suffered in the mêlée of the evening before.

It was nearly dark when we pulled into the railroad yard at Des Moines. Our car was switched off the main track, and Dan immediately got out to purchase provisions for the western trip. Trembling at every noise, I awaited his return, and it was not long till he was back with an armful of bundles and a kettle of water. Another train was being made up and soon our car was shunted into place. The engineer had given the signal for the crew to assemble and my breath had begun to come easier, when the door was jerked open and a man thrust in his head.

"Hey, yous! Come out of that," he snarled. "Here, Tim, I've found a couple of boes. Come on out now," as we made no move. "If you don't, you'll wish you had in about two seconds."

Slowly Dan clambered out. I followed.

"What to hell have we here? Blamed if it ain't a woman!" the detective cried.

Tim, meanwhile, advanced with a lantern, and having given us a close inspection, leaped into the car.

"What in blazes is this?" he exclaimed, catching sight of the wheel.

Dan explained shortly.

"Well, yank her out of here. This car moves in about two minutes."

Dan sprang inside and lowered the wheel to me. Tim threw our bundles to the ground. "Toot, toot," whistled the engine. The train pulled out.

As the familiar car moved away, my heart seemed breaking. All my hopes of reaching California in a few days crashed to the ground; thoughts of the fierce railroad detectives, the waiting jail, the courtroom in the morning, surged over me. I burst into tears.

"What ya goin' t' do wid 'em, Joe? Run 'em in?" queried Tim.

"Naw, don't believe I will. Come, now," turning to us. "Beat it out o' here and don't let me catch yous fooling around this yard any more. Go on. Beat it quick."

Glad enough to escape, we stumbled up the track through the darkness.

"Aw now, aw now," said a hoarse voice at my elbow. "It's pretty fierce luck, all right. But never you mind, lady, we'll get you out of here all right. Just come right along to our shack and we'll fix you up fine."

In a few minutes we came to a tiny one-room shanty, formed from an old car, which was fitted up with a stove, bunks, a table and chairs. My kindly guide set out soap, clean towels and a fine, big basin of hot water. What luxury! I plunged my grimy hands into the grateful depths and laved my blackened, tear-stained face.

When Dan had made a refreshing toilet, we sat down to the first real meal in two days. Our friends, the car inspectors, watched us eat with much satisfaction while discussing the best method of getting us safely out of Des Moines. Picking up his switchman's lantern, one stepped out and soon returned with the report that an empty car would go out in a freight that left about two o'clock.

The men conducted us by a circuitous way to a cattle car, the bottom of which was covered with a thick layer of clean straw. The detectives had already examined and passed this car, so under the protection of the car inspectors, it was quite safe to climb aboard. Our wheel was hoisted in and laid flat in a corner, and after an attempt to express our gratitude—really too deep for words—we ourselves lay down and were well covered with straw. I fell asleep immediately.

The rays of a lantern, which was thrust within a few inches of my face, aroused me. The train was grinding to a stop, and as I blinked stupidly in the sudden light, I heard voices deep in argument.

"I tell you, they're no spotters. She has an honest face."

And another voice answered, "Well, let 'em ride to the next station and ask 'em a few questions."

The lantern flashed the signal, and once more we were under way.

The "brakie" settled himself in the straw. Dan produced his union card, our marriage license and other papers to prove our identity; the wheel was uncovered for inspection, and a few questions confirmed the brakeman in his opinion of our honesty. At the next stop the conductor joined us and agreed to move us into a closed car before daylight.

So to-day we rest in comfort and despite the ache of bruised and stiffened shoulders I am happy in the thought that to-morrow's dawn will see us close to Council Bluffs.

Margot Asquith, predicting Dot Parker.

TORONTO AND MONTREAL

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *My Impresssions of America*, by Margot Asquith

Margot Tells A Mark Twain Story--Captures Toronto Audience; Kisses Charwoman--Montreal Ladies Quelling And Critical

That evening we arrived at Toronto and I lectured on the 29th. My chairman, the Rev. Byron Stauffer, made a wonderful speech, and I was listened to by an attentive and intelligent audience.

I find Prohibition a fruitful topic of discussion.

For the information of anyone who may think, as I did, that drink has decreased, and that in consequence everyone over here is wise, sober and happy, I can only say the reverse is the truth.

I cannot write of the poorer classes, on whom, in any case, the law is hard, but among the rich I do not suppose there was ever so much alcohol concealed and enjoyed as at the present moment in America. Young men and maidens, who before this exaggerated interference would have been content with the lightest of wines, think it smart to break the law every day and night of their lives. I related to my audience that Mr. Clemens, (better known as Mark Twain), had taken me in to dinner many years ago at the house of a namesake of mine (Mrs. Charles Tennant, whose daughter Dorothy married Stanley) and had told me of a great American temperance orator who, having exercised his voice too much, had asked the chairman to provide milk instead of water at his meeting.

Turning to the Rev. Byron Stauffer, who is a great temperance preacher--of which I was unaware--I said,

"The chairman--probably a kind man like my own--put rum into the milk, and when the orator, pausing in one of his most dramatic periods, stopped to clear his throat, he drained the glass, and putting it down, exclaimed,

"Gosh! what cows!"

I went on to tell of a lady who was letting her house, and, after instructing the auctioneer as to the value of her chairs, furniture and china, had left him in the dining room where the side-board had several bottles of wine and whiskey on it. She waited for a long time hoping he would return to show her the inventory, but as he did not appear she went into the dining room where she found him drunk upon the floor. She looked at the paper he held in his hand and read,

"To one revolving carpet."

Not wishing to repeat the mistake I had made in Pittsburgh, I spoke for an hour and fifteen minutes, longer than which no one can be expected to endure, and as we had some time before catching a midnight train, I invited my audience on to the stage. At this the platform was stormed, and I was seized by hands and arms, showered with compliments and, never at any time a robust figure, so crowded and crushed that I felt suffocated. My reverend chairman did his best, but it was not until Mr. Horton, in a voice of thunder, begged them not to mob me as I had to catch a train, that I was allowed to move. They all rushed to the stage door shouting,

"We think you are wonderful!" "Why can't you stay with us?" "You must come back!" "You're perfectly lovely!" etc.

We had to lock one of the doors of the green room, but while I was given brandy, and congratulated by my chairman and his family, a very old charwoman peeped in at another entrance, saying with emotional timidity,

"Excuse me, but though I am only a poor old woman who sweeps the stage, I would like to shake hands with you. The last famous person that I spoke to was Mme. Calvé, over whom we were all crazy; I may say she let me kiss her hand."

I turned and kissed the old lady on both her wrinkled cheeks, at which she blest me and burst into tears. I felt like doing the same, but was steadied by the presence of my jolly chairman and his relations. It was with a feeling of tense gratitude that I heard the announcement of our car. Clinging to the arm of my secretary I swayed through an enthusiastic crowd gathered on the pavement. They were cheering, waving

handkerchiefs, and throwing up their hats. Half of the audience appeared to have waited and collected round our motor, and we had the greatest difficulty in reaching it. Knowing that this sort of thing will probably never happen to me again, and with a touch of vanity that I seldom feel, I wished my husband had been there to witness my unexpected triumph.

Upon our arrival in Montreal I saw the reporters, and in the afternoon I made my speech.

I was introduced at His Majesty's Theatre, by a delightful woman, a relative of the well known Lady Drummond--Mrs. Huntley Drummond--and spoke to a lady-like assemblage in a blizzard of draughts. To quote my beloved and early friend, Mr. John Hay, "I chill like mutton gravy," and had it not been for my chairwoman who left the stage to bring me my fur boa, I must have contracted a permanent catarrh which would have reduced my voice to a whisper. I was relieved--a feeling which I thought the audience shared--when my lecture was over.

His Majesty's Theatre is an odious place to speak in, and whether from the fatigue of a night journey, or the refinement of my female listeners, I formed an unfavourable impression of the intellectual manners and vitality of Montreal. When I retired to the wings of the stage I pointed out to Mrs. Drummond two women in the front row whose attention and enthusiasm had made all the difference to me during the lecture. One had a masculine face, with an earnest and beautiful expression, and her neighbour was a lovely creature.

"Those," she said, "are Mrs. Hayter Reed and Mrs, Lawford."

Luckily for me they came up to the green room, accompanied by Oswald Balfour--Military Secretary to the Governor General--followed by an old man with a huge bag of golf clubs, and several other friendly people. The old man showed me a photograph of my father given to him on the links at Carnoustie, which touched me deeply; and my friends in the front row, after embracing me on both cheeks, assured me they had been thrilled by all that I had said, and only longed to see more of me. Mrs. Drummond--a woman of rare intellect--joined in this praise, and after Oswald--whose mother, Lady Francis Balfour, is the finest woman speaker in England--said that my voice-production, general manner and delivery were professional, I retired from a quelling and critical company.

My host that night was Sir Frederick Taylor, and I met Lady Drummond and Mr. Charles Hosmer in his beautiful house. He was more than kind to me, and I found that they knew most of my personal friends. When Lady Drummond said that I had a beautiful smile, and the papers that I had a golden voice, I felt less exhausted on my journey to Ottawa.

No one who has not been on tour in America can imagine the fatigue of crowded elevators, shaky trains, and perpetual travelling.

Mary Austin, or Dyan Cannon sans makeup.

THE POCKET HUNTER

The Project Gutenberg EBook of *The Land of Little Rain*, by Mary Austin

I remember very well when I first met him. Walking in the evening glow to spy the marriages of the white gilias, I sniffed the unmistakable odor of burning sage. It is a smell that carries far and indicates usually the nearness of a campoodie, but on the level mesa nothing taller showed than Diana's sage. Over the tops of it, beginning to dusk under a young white moon, trailed a wavering ghost of smoke, and at the end of it I came upon the Pocket Hunter making a dry camp in the friendly scrub. He sat tailor-wise in the sand, with his coffee-pot on the coals, his supper ready to hand in the frying-pan, and himself in a mood for talk. His pack burros in hobbles strayed off to hunt for a wetter mouthful than the sage afforded, and gave him no concern.

We came upon him often after that, threading the windy passes, or by water-holes in the desert hills, and got to know much of his way of life. He was a small, bowed man, with a face and manner and speech of no character at all, as if he had that faculty of small hunted things of taking on the protective color of his surroundings. His clothes were of no fashion that I could remember, except that they bore liberal markings of pot black, and he had a curious fashion of going about with his mouth open, which gave him a vacant look until you came near enough to perceive him busy about an endless hummed, wordless tune. He traveled far and took a long time to it, but the simplicity of his kitchen arrangements was elemental. A pot for beans, a coffee-pot, a frying-pan, a tin to mix bread in--he fed the burros in this when there was

need--with these he had been half round our western world and back. He explained to me very early in our acquaintance what was good to take to the hills for food: nothing sticky, for that "dirtied the pots;" nothing with "juice" to it, for that would not pack to advantage; and nothing likely to ferment. He used no gun, but he would set snares by the water-holes for quail and doves, and in the trout country he carried a line. Burros he kept, one or two according to his pack, for this chief excellence, that they would eat potato parings and firewood. He had owned a horse in the foothill country, but when he came to the desert with no forage but mesquite, he found himself under the necessity of picking the beans from the briers, a labor that drove him to the use of pack animals to whom thorns were a relish.

I suppose no man becomes a pocket hunter by first intention. He must be born with the faculty, and along comes the occasion, like the tap on the test tube that induces crystallization. My friend had been several things of no moment until he struck a thousand-dollar pocket in the Lee District and came into his vocation. A pocket, you must know, is a small body of rich ore occurring by itself, or in a vein of poorer stuff. Nearly every mineral ledge contains such, if only one has the luck to hit upon them without too much labor. The sensible thing for a man to do who has found a good pocket is to buy himself into business and keep away from the hills. The logical thing is to set out looking for another one. My friend the Pocket Hunter had been looking twenty years. His working outfit was a shovel, a pick, a gold pan which he kept cleaner than his plate, and a pocket magnifier. When he came to a watercourse he would pan out the gravel of its bed for "colors," and under the glass determine if they had come from far or near, and so spying he would work up the stream until he found where the drift of the gold-bearing outcrop fanned out into the creek; then up the side of the canon till he came to the proper vein. I think he said the best indication of small pockets was an iron stain, but I could never get the run of miner's talk enough to feel instructed for pocket hunting. He had another method in the waterless hills, where he would work in and out of blind gullies and all windings of the manifold strata that appeared not to have cooled since they had been heaved up. His itinerary began with the east slope of the Sierras of the Snows, where that range swings across to meet the coast hills, and all up that slope to the Truckee River country, where the long cold forbade his progress north. Then he worked back down one or another of the nearly parallel ranges that lie out desertward, and so down to the sink of the Mojave River, burrowing to oblivion in the sand,--a big mysterious land, a lonely, inhospitable land, beautiful, terrible. But he came to no harm in it; the land tolerated him as it might a gopher or a badger. Of all its inhabitants it has the least concern for man.

There are many strange sorts of humans bred in a mining country, each sort despising the queernesses of the other, but of them all I found the Pocket Hunter most acceptable for his clean, companionable talk. There

was more color to his reminiscences than the faded sandy old miners "kyoteing," that is, tunneling like a coyote (kyote in the vernacular) in the core of a lonesome hill. Such a one has found, perhaps, a body of tolerable ore in a poor lead,--remember that I can never be depended on to get the terms right,--and followed it into the heart of country rock to no profit, hoping, burrowing, and hoping. These men go harmlessly mad in time, believing themselves just behind the wall of fortune--most likable and simple men, for whom it is well to do any kindly thing that occurs to you except lend them money. I have known "grub stakers" too, those persuasive sinners to whom you make allowances of flour and pork and coffee in consideration of the ledges they are about to find; but none of these proved so much worth while as the Pocket Hunter. He wanted nothing of you and maintained a cheerful preference for his own way of life. It was an excellent way if you had the constitution for it. The Pocket Hunter had gotten to that point where he knew no bad weather, and all places were equally happy so long as they were out of doors. I do not know just how long it takes to become saturated with the elements so that one takes no account of them. Myself can never get past the glow and exhilaration of a storm, the wrestle of long dust-heavy winds, the play of live thunder on the rocks, nor past the keen fret of fatigue when the storm outlasts physical endurance. But prospectors and Indians get a kind of a weather shell that remains on the body until death.

The Pocket Hunter had seen destruction by the violence of nature and the violence of men, and felt himself in the grip of an All-wisdom that killed men or spared them as seemed for their good; but of death by sickness he knew nothing except that he believed he should never suffer it. He had been in Grape-vine Canon the year of storms that changed the whole front of the mountain. All day he had come down under the wing of the storm, hoping to win past it, but finding it traveling with him until night. It kept on after that, he supposed, a steady downpour, but could not with certainty say, being securely deep in sleep. But the weather instinct does not sleep. In the night the heavens behind the hill dissolved in rain, and the roar of the storm was borne in and mixed with his dreaming, so that it moved him, still asleep, to get up and out of the path of it. What finally woke him was the crash of pine logs as they went down before the unbridled flood, and the swirl of foam that lashed him where he clung in the tangle of scrub while the wall of water went by. It went on against the cabin of Bill Gerry and laid Bill stripped and broken on a sand bar at the mouth of the Grape-vine, seven miles away. There, when the sun was up and the wrath of the rain spent, the Pocket Hunter found and buried him; but he never laid his own escape at any door but the unintelligible favor of the Powers.

The journeyings of the Pocket Hunter led him often into that mysterious country beyond Hot Creek where a hidden force works mischief, mole-like, under the crust of the earth. Whatever agency is at work in that neighborhood, and it is popularly supposed to be the devil, it changes means and direction without time or season. It creeps up whole hillsides

with insidious heat, unguessed until one notes the pine woods dying at the top, and having scorched out a good block of timber returns to steam and spout in caked, forgotten crevices of years before. It will break up sometimes blue-hot and bubbling, in the midst of a clear creek, or make a sucking, scalding quicksand at the ford. These outbreaks had the kind of morbid interest for the Pocket Hunter that a house of unsavory reputation has in a respectable neighborhood, but I always found the accounts he brought me more interesting than his explanations, which were compounded of fag ends of miner's talk and superstition. He was a perfect gossip of the woods, this Pocket Hunter, and when I could get him away from "leads" and "strikes" and "contacts," full of fascinating small talk about the ebb and flood of creeks, the pinon crop on Black Mountain, and the wolves of Mesquite Valley. I suppose he never knew how much he depended for the necessary sense of home and companionship on the beasts and trees, meeting and finding them in their wonted places,--the bear that used to come down Pine Creek in the spring, pawing out trout from the shelters of sod banks, the juniper at Lone Tree Spring, and the quail at Paddy Jack's.

There is a place on Waban, south of White Mountain, where flat, wind-tilted cedars make low tents and coves of shade and shelter, where the wild sheep winter in the snow. Woodcutters and prospectors had brought me word of that, but the Pocket Hunter was accessory to the fact. About the opening of winter, when one looks for sudden big storms, he had attempted a crossing by the nearest path, beginning the ascent at noon. It grew cold, the snow came on thick and blinding, and wiped out the trail in a white smudge; the storm drift blew in and cut off landmarks, the early dark obscured the rising drifts. According to the Pocket Hunter's account, he knew where he was, but couldn't exactly say. Three days before he had been in the west arm of Death Valley on a short water allowance, ankle-deep in shifty sand; now he was on the rise of Waban, knee-deep in sodden snow, and in both cases he did the only allowable thing--he walked on. That is the only thing to do in a snowstorm in any case. It might have been the creature instinct, which in his way of life had room to grow, that led him to the cedar shelter; at any rate he found it about four hours after dark, and heard the heavy breathing of the flock. He said that if he thought at all at this juncture he must have thought that he had stumbled on a storm-belated shepherd with his silly sheep; but in fact he took no note of anything but the warmth of packed fleeces, and snuggled in between them dead with sleep. If the flock stirred in the night he stirred drowsily to keep close and let the storm go by. That was all until morning woke him shining on a white world. Then the very soul of him shook to see the wild sheep of God stand up about him, nodding their great horns beneath the cedar roof, looking out on the wonder of the snow. They had moved a little away from him with the coming of the light, but paid him no more heed. The light broadened and the white pavilions of the snow swam in the heavenly blueness of the sea from which they rose. The cloud drift scattered and broke billowing in the canons. The leader stamped lightly

on the litter to put the flock in motion, suddenly they took the drifts in those long light leaps that are nearest to flight, down and away on the slopes of Waban. Think of that to happen to a Pocket Hunter! But though he had fallen on many a wished-for hap, he was curiously inapt at getting the truth about beasts in general. He believed in the venom of toads, and charms for snake bites, and--for this I could never forgive him--had all the miner's prejudices against my friend the coyote. Thief, sneak, and son of a thief were the friendliest words he had for this little gray dog of the wilderness.

Of course with so much seeking he came occasionally upon pockets of more or less value, otherwise he could not have kept up his way of life; but he had as much luck in missing great ledges as in finding small ones. He had been all over the Tonopah country, and brought away float without happening upon anything that gave promise of what that district was to become in a few years. He claimed to have chipped bits off the very outcrop of the California Rand, without finding it worth while to bring away, but none of these things put him out of countenance.

It was once in roving weather, when we found him shifting pack on a steep trail, that I observed certain of his belongings done up in green canvas bags, the veritable "green bag" of English novels. It seemed so incongruous a reminder in this untenanted West that I dropped down beside the trail overlooking the vast dim valley, to hear about the green canvas. He had gotten it, he said, in London years before, and that was the first I had known of his having been abroad. It was after one of his "big strikes" that he had made the Grand Tour, and had brought nothing away from it but the green canvas bags, which he conceived would fit his needs, and an ambition. This last was nothing less than to strike it rich and set himself up among the eminently bourgeois of London. It seemed that the situation of the wealthy English middle class, with just enough gentility above to aspire to, and sufficient smaller fry to bully and patronize, appealed to his imagination, though of course he did not put it so crudely as that.

It was no news to me then, two or three years after, to learn that he had taken ten thousand dollars from an abandoned claim, just the sort of luck to have pleased him, and gone to London to spend it. The land seemed not to miss him any more than it had minded him, but I missed him and could not forget the trick of expecting him in least likely situations. Therefore it was with a pricking sense of the familiar that I followed a twilight trail of smoke, a year or two later, to the swale of a dripping spring, and came upon a man by the fire with a coffee-pot and frying-pan. I was not surprised to find it was the Pocket Hunter. No man can be stronger than his destiny.

TUSCAN SCULPTURE

by Violet Paget (as Vernon Lee)
from the Project Gutenberg etext of *Renaissance Fancies and Studies*

I

We are all of us familiar with the two adjacent rooms at South Kensington which contain, respectively, the casts from antique sculpture and those from the sculpture of the Renaissance; and we are familiar also with the sense of irritation or of relief which accompanies our passing from one of them to the other. This feeling is typical of our frame of mind towards various branches of the same art, and, indeed, towards all things which might be alike, but happen to be unlike. Times, countries, nations, temperaments, ideas, and tendencies, all benefit and suffer alternately by our habit of considering that if two things of one sort are not identical, one must be in the right and the other in the wrong. The act of comparison evokes at once our innate tendency to find fault; and having found fault, we rarely perceive that, on better comparing, there may be no fault at all to find.

As the result of such comparison, we shall find that Renaissance sculpture is unrestful, huddled, lacking selection of form and harmony of proportions; it reproduces ugliness and perpetuates effort; it is sometimes grotesque, and frequently vulgar. Or again, that antique sculpture is conventional, insipid, monotonous, without perception for the charm of detail or the interest of individuality; afraid of movement and expression, and at the same time indifferent to outline and grouping; giving us florid nudities which never were alive, and which are doing and thinking nothing whatever. Thus, according to which room or which mood we enter first, we are sure to experience either irritation at wrong-headedness or relief at right-doing; whether we pass from the sculpture of ancient Greece to the sculpture of mediæval Italy, or _vice versâ_.

But a more patient comparison of these two branches of sculpture, and of the circumstances which made each what it was, will enable us to enjoy the very different merits of both, and will teach us also something of the vital processes of the particular spiritual organism which we call

an art.

In the early phase of the philosophy of art--a phase lingering on to our own day in the works of certain critics--the peculiarities of a work of art were explained by the peculiarities of character of the artist: the paintings of Raphael and the music of Mozart partook of the gentleness of their life; while the figures of Michelangelo and the compositions of Beethoven were the outcome of their misanthropic ruggedness of temper. The insufficiency, often the falseness, of such explanations became evident when critics began to perceive that the works of one time and country usually possessed certain common peculiarities which did not correspond to any resemblance between the characters of their respective artists; peculiarities so much more dominant than any others, that a statue or a picture which was unsigned and of obscure history was constantly attributed to half-a-dozen contemporary sculptors or painters by half-a-dozen equally learned critics. The recognition of this fact led to the substitution of the _environment_ (the _milieu_ of Monsieur Taine) as an explanation of the characteristics, no longer of a single work of art, but of a school or group of kindred works. Greek art henceforth was the serene outcome of a serene civilisation of athletes, poets, and philosophers, living with untroubled consciences in a good climate, with slaves and helots to char for them while they ran races, discussed elevated topics, and took part in Panathenaic processions, riding half naked on prancing horses, or carrying olive branches and sacrificial vases in honour of a divine patron, in whom they believed only as much as they liked. And the art of the Middle Ages was the fantastic, far-fetched, and often morbid production of nations of crusaders and theologians, burning heretics, worshipping ladies, seeing visions, and periodically joining hands in a vertiginous death-reel, whose figures were danced from country to country. This new explanation, while undoubtedly less misleading than the other one, had the disadvantage of straining the characteristics of a civilisation or of an art in order to tally with its product or producer; it forgot that Antiquity was not wholly represented by the frieze of the Parthenon, and that the Gothic cathedrals and the frescoes of Giotto had characteristics more conspicuous than morbidness and insanity.

Moreover, in the same way that the old personal criticism was unable to account for the resemblance between the works of different individuals of the same school, so the theory of the environment fails to explain certain qualities possessed in common by various schools of art and various arts which have arisen under the pressure of different civilisations; and it is obliged to slur over the fact that the sculpture of the time of Pericles and Alexander, the painting of the early sixteenth century, and the music of the age of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart are all very much more like one another in their serene beauty than they are any of them like the other productions, artistic or human, of their environment. Behind this explanation there must therefore be another, not controverting the portion of truth it contains, but completing it by the recognition

of a relation more intimate than that of the work of art with its environment: the relation of form and material. The perceptions of the artist, what he sees and how he sees it, can be transmitted to others only through processes as various as themselves: hair seen as colour is best imitated with paint, hair seen as form with twisted metal wire. It is as impossible to embody certain perceptions in some stages of handicraft as it would be to construct a complex machine in a rudimentary condition of mechanics. Certain modes of vision require certain methods of painting, and these require certain kinds of surface and pigment. Until these exist, a man may see correctly, but he cannot reproduce what he is seeing. In short, the work of art represents the meeting of a mode of seeing and feeling (determined partly by individual characteristics, partly by those of the age and country) and of a mode of treating materials, a craft which may itself be, like the mind of the artist, in a higher or lower stage of development.

The early Greeks had little occasion to become skilful carvers of stone. Their buildings, which reproduced a very simple wooden structure, were ornamented with little more than the imitation of the original carpentering; for the Ionic order, poor as it is of ornament, came only later; and the Corinthian, which alone offered scope for variety and skill of carving, arose only when figure sculpture was mature. But the Greeks, being only just in the iron period (and iron, by the way, is the tool for stone), were great moulders of clay and casters of metal. The things which later ages made of iron, stone, or wood, they made of clay or bronze. The thousands of exquisite utensils, weapons, and toys in our museums make this apparent; from the bronze greaves delicately modelled like the legs they were to cover, to the earthenware dolls, little Venuses, exquisitely dainty, with articulated legs and go-carts.

Hence the human figure came to be imitated by a process which was not sculpture in the literal sense of carving. It is significant that the Latin word whence we get _effigy_ has also given us _fictile_, the making of statues being thus connected with the making of pots; and that the whole vocabulary of ancient authors shows that they thought of statuary not as akin to cutting and chiselling, but to moulding ([Greek: plassô] = _fingo_), shaping out of clay on the wheel or with the modelling tool.[13] It seems probable that marble-work was but rarely used for the round until the sixth century; and the treatment of the hair, the propping of projecting limbs and drapery, makes it obvious that a large proportion of the antiques in our possession are marble copies of long-destroyed bronzes.[14] So that the Greek statue, even if eventually destined for marble, was conceived by a man having the habit of modelling in clay.

[Footnote 13: I am confirmed in these particulars by my friend Miss Eugenie Sellers, whose studies of the ancient authorities on art--Lucian, Pausanias, Pliny, and others, will be the more fruitful that they are associated with knowledge--uncommon in archæologists--of

more modern artistic processes.]

[Footnote 14: This becomes overwhelmingly obvious on reading Professor Furtwängler's great "Masterpieces of Greek Sculpture." Praxiteles appears to have been exceptional in his preference for marble.]

Let us turn from early Greece to mediæval Italy. Hammered iron had superseded bronze for weapons and armour, and silver and gold, worked with the chisel, for ornaments. On the other hand, the introduction from the East of glazed pottery had banished to the art of the glass-blower all fancy in shaping utensils. There was no demand in common life for cast metal-work, and there being no demand for casting, there was no practice either in its cognate preliminary art of moulding clay. Hence, such bronze work as originated was very unsatisfactory; the lack of skill in casting, and the consequent elaboration of bronze-work with the file, lasting late into the Renaissance. But the men of the Middle Ages were marvellously skilful carvers of stone. Architecture, ever since the Roman time, had given more and more importance to sculptured ornament: already exquisite in the early Byzantine screens and capitals, it developed through the elaborate mouldings, traceries, and columns of the Lombard style into the art of elaborate reliefs and groups of the full-blown Gothic; indeed the Gothic church is, in Italy, the work no longer of the mason, but of the sculptor. It is no empty coincidence that the hillside villages which still supply Florence with stone and with stonemasons should have given their names to three of its greatest sculptors, Mino da Fiesole, Desiderio da Settignano, and Benedetto da Maiano; that Michelangelo should have told Vasari that the chisel and mallet had come to him with the milk of his nurse, a stonecutter's wife from those same slopes, down which jingle to-day the mules carting ready-shaped stone from the quarries. The mediæval Tuscans, the Pisans of the thirteenth, and the Florentines of the fifteenth century, evidently made small wax or clay sketches of their statues; but their works are conceived and executed in the marble, and their art has come out of the stone without interposition of other material, even as the figures which Michelangelo chopped, living and colossal, direct out of the block.[15]

[Footnote 15: Interesting details in Vasari's treatise, and in his Lives of J. della Quercia, Ferrucci, and other sculptors.]

The Greek, therefore, was a moulder of clay, a caster of bronze, in the early time when the art acquires its character and takes its direction; in that period, on the contrary, the Tuscan was a chaser of silver, a hammerer of iron, above all a cutter of stone. Now clay (and we must remember that bronze is originally clay) means the modelled plane and succession of planes smoothed and rounded by the finger, the imitation of all nature's gently graduated swellings and depressions, the absolute form as it exists to the touch; but clay does not give interesting light and shade, and bronze is positively blurred by high lights; and neither clay nor bronze has any resemblance to the texture of human limbs or

drapery: it gives the form, but not the stuff. It is the exact reverse with marble. Granulated like a living fibre, yet susceptible of a delicate polish, it can imitate the actual substance of human flesh, with its alternations of opacity and luminousness; it can reproduce, beneath the varied strokes of the chisel, the grain, running now one way, now another, which is given to the porous skin by the close-packed bone and muscle below. Moreover, it is so docile, so soft, yet so resistant, that the iron can cut it like butter or engrave it lightly like agate; so that the shadows may pour deep into chasms and pools, or run over the surface in a network of shallow threads; light and shade becoming the artist's material as much as the stone itself.

The Greek, as a result, perceived form not as an appearance, but as a reality; saw with the eye the complexities of projection and depression perceivable by the hand. His craft was that of measurements, of minute proportion, of delicate concave and convex--in one word, of _planes_. His dull, malleable clay, and ductile, shining bronze had taught him nothing of the way in which light and shadow corrode, blur, and pattern a surface. His fancy, his skill, embraced the human form like the gypsum of the moulder, received the stamp of its absolute being. The beauty he sought was concrete, actual, the same in all lights and from all points of view: the comely man himself, not the beautiful marble picture.

The marble picture, on the other hand--a picture in however high and complete relief--a picture for a definite point of view, arranged by receiving light projected at a given angle on a surface cut deep or shallow especially to receive it--was produced by the sculpture that spontaneously grew out of the architectural stone-cutting of the Byzantine and Lombard schools. The mouldings on a church, still more the stone ornaments of its capitals, pulpit, and choir rails, seen, as they are, each at various and peculiar heights above the eye, under light which, however varying, can never get behind or above them if outdoor, below or in flank if indoor--these mouldings, part of a great architectural pattern of black and white, inevitably taught the masons all the subtle play of light and surface, all the deceits of position and perspective. And the mere manipulation of the marble taught them, as we have seen, the exquisite finenesses of surface, texture, crease, accent, and line. What the figure actually was--the real proportions and planes, the actual form of the model--did not matter; no hand was to touch it, no eye to measure; it was to be delightful only in the position which the artist chose, and in no other had it a right to be seen.

II

These were the two arts, originating from a material and a habit of work which were entirely different, and which produced artistic necessities diametrically opposed. It might be curious to speculate upon what would have resulted had their position in history been reversed; what statues

we should possess had the marble-carving art born of architectural decoration originated in Greece, and the art of clay and bronze flourished in Christian and mediæval Italy. Be this as it may, the accident of the surroundings--of the habits of life and thought which pressed on the artist, and combined with the necessities of his material method--appears to have intensified the peculiarities organic in each of the two sculptures. I say _appears_, because we must bear in mind that the combination was merely fortuitous, and guard against the habit of thinking that because a type is familiar it is therefore alone conceivable.

We all know all about the antique and the mediæval _milieu_. It is useless to recapitulate the influence, on the one hand, of antique civilisation, with its southern outdoor existence, its high training of the body, its draped citizens, naked athletes, and half-clothed work-folk, its sensuous religion of earthly gods and muscular demigods; or the influence, on the other hand, of the more complex life of the Middle Ages, essentially northern in type, sedentary and manufacturing, huddled in unventilated towns, with its constant pre-occupation, even among the most sordid grossness, of the splendour of the soul, the beauty of suffering, the ignominy of the body, and the dangers of bodily prosperity. Of all this we have heard even too much, thanks to the picturesqueness which has recommended the _milieu_ of Monsieur Taine to writers more mindful of literary effect than of the philosophy of art. But there is another historical circumstance whose influence, in differentiating Greek sculpture from the sculpture of mediæval Italy, can scarcely be overrated. It is that, whereas in ancient Greece sculpture was the important, fully developed art, and painting merely its shadow; in mediæval Italy painting was the art which best answered the requirements of the civilisation, the art struggling with the most important problems; and that painting therefore reacted strongly upon sculpture. Greek painting was the shadow of Greek sculpture in an almost literal sense: the figures on wall and base, carefully modelled, without texture, symmetrically arranged alongside of each other regardless of pictorial pattern, seem indeed to be projected on to the flat surface by the statues; they are, most certainly, the shadow of modelled figures cast on the painter's mind.

The sculptor could learn nothing new from paintings where all that is proper to painting is ignored:--plane always preferred to line, the constructive details, perceptible only as projection, not as colour or value (like the insertion of the leg and the thigh), marked by deep lines that look like tattoo marks; and perspective almost entirely ignored, at least till a late period. It is necessary thus to examine Greek painting[16] in order to appreciate, by comparison with this negative art, the very positive influence of mediæval painting or mediæval sculpture. The painting on a flat surface--fresco or panel--which became more and more the chief artistic expression of those times, taught men to consider perspective; and, with perspective and its possibility

of figures on many planes, grouping: the pattern that must arise from juxtaposed limbs and heads. It taught them to perceive form no longer as projection or plane; but as line and light and shade, as something whose charm lay mainly in the boundary curves, the silhouette, so much more important in one single, unchangeable position than where, the eye wandering round a statue, the only moderate interest of one point of view is compensated by the additional interest of another. Moreover, painting, itself the product of a much greater interest in colour than Antiquity had known, forced upon men's attention the important influence of colour upon form. For, although the human being, if we abstract the element of colour, if we do it over with white paint, has indeed the broad, somewhat vague form, the indecision of lines which characterises antique sculpture; yet the human being as he really exists, with his coloured hair, eyes, and lips, his cheeks, forehead, and chin patterned with tint, has a much greater sharpness, precision, contrast of form, due to the additional emphasis of the colour. Hence, as pictorial perspective and composition undoubtedly inclined sculptors to seek greater complexities of relief and greater unity of point of view, so the new importance of drawing and colouring suggested to them a new view of form. A human being was no longer a mere arrangement of planes and of masses, homogeneous in texture and colour. He was made of different substances, of hair, skin over fat, muscle, or bone, skin smooth, wrinkled, or stubbly, and, besides this, he was painted different colours. He had, moreover, what the Greeks had calmly whitewashed away, or replaced by an immovable jewel or enamel: that extraordinary and extraordinarily various thing called an Eye.

[Footnote 16: At all events, Greek painting preceding or contemporaneous with the great period of sculpture. Later painting was, of course, much more pictorial.]

All these differences between the monochrome creature--colour abstracted--of the Greeks and the mottled real human being, the sculptors of the Renaissance were led to perceive by their brothers the painters; and having perceived, they were dissatisfied at having to omit in their representation. But how show that they too had seen them?

Here return to our notice two other peculiarities which distinguish mediæval sculpture from antique: first, that mediæval sculpture, rarely called upon for free open-air figures, was for ever producing architectural ornament, seen at a given height and against a dark background; and indoor decoration seen under an unvarying and often defective light; and secondly, that mediæval sculpture was the handicraft of the subtle carver in delicate stone.

The sculpture which was an essential part of Lombard and Gothic architecture required a treatment that should adapt it to its particular place and subordinate it to a given effect. According to the height above the eye and the direction of the light, certain details had to be

exaggerated, certain others suppressed; a sculptured window, like those of Orsanmichele, would not give the delightful pattern of black and white unless some surfaces were more raised than others, some portions of figure or leafage allowed to sink into quiescence, others to start forward by means of the black rim of undercutting; and a sepulchral monument, raised thirty feet above the spectator's eye, like those inside Sta. Maria Novella, would present a mere intricate confusion unless the recumbent figure, the canopy, and various accessories, were such as to seem unnatural at the level of the eye. Thus, the heraldic lions of one of these Gothic tombs have the black cavity of the jaw cut by marble bars which are absolutely out of proportion to the rest of the creature's body, and to the detail of the other features, but render the showing of the teeth even at the other side of the transept. Again, in the more developed art of the fifteenth century, Rossellino's Cardinal of Portugal has the offside of his face shelved upwards so as to catch the light, because he is seen from below, and the near side would otherwise be too prominent; while the beautiful dead warrior, by an unknown sculptor, at Ravenna has had a portion of his jaw and chin deliberately cut away, because the spectator is intended to look down upon his recumbent figure. If we take a cast of the Cardinal's head and look down upon it, or hang a cast of the dead warrior on the wall, the whole appearance alters; the expression is almost reversed and the features are distorted. On the other hand, a cast from a real head, placed on high like the Cardinal's, would become insignificant, and laid at the height of a table, like the dead warrior's, would look lumbering and tumid. Thus, again, the head of Donatello's Poggio, which is visible and intelligible placed high up in the darkness of the Cathedral of Florence, looks as if it had been gashed and hacked with a blunt knife when seen in the cast at the usual height in an ordinary light.

Now this subtle circumventing of distance, height, and darkness; this victory of pattern over place; this reducing of light and shadow into tools for the sculptor, mean, as we see from the above examples, sacrificing the reality to the appearance, altering the proportions and planes so rigorously reproduced by the Greeks, mean sacrificing the sacred absolute form. And such a habit of taking liberties with what can be measured by the hand, in order to please the eye, allowed the sculptors of the Renaissance to think of their model no longer as the homogeneous _white man_ of the Greeks, but as a creature in whom structure was accentuated, intensified, or contradicted by colour and texture.

Furthermore, these men of the fifteenth century possessed the cunning carving which could make stone vary in texture, in fibre, and almost in colour.

A great many biographical details substantiate the evidence of statues and busts that the sculptors of the Renaissance carried on their business in a different manner from the ancient Greeks. The great development in

Antiquity of the art of casting bronze, carried on everywhere for the production of weapons and household furniture, must have accustomed Greek sculptors (if we may call them by that name) to limit their personal work to the figure modelled in clay. And the great number of their works, many tediously constructed of ivory and gold, shows clearly that they did not abandon this habit in case of marble statuary, but merely gave the finishing strokes to a copy of their clay model, produced by workmen whose skill must have been fostered by the apparently thriving trade in marble copies of bronzes.

It was different in the Renaissance. Vasari recommends, as obviating certain miscalculations which frequently happened, that sculptors should prepare large models by which to measure the capacities of their block of marble. But these models, described as made of a mixture of plaster, size, and cloth shavings over tow and hay, could serve only for the rough proportions and attitude; nor is there ever any allusion to any process of minute measurement, such as pointing, by which detail could be transferred from the model to the stone. Most often we hear of small wax models which the sculptors enlarged directly in the stone. Vasari, while exaggerating the skill of Michelangelo in making his David out of a block mangled by another sculptor, expresses no surprise at his having chopped the marble himself; indeed, the anecdote itself affords evidence of the commonness of such a practice, since Agostino di Duccio would not have spoilt the block if he had not cut into it rashly without previous comparison with a model.[17] We hear, besides, that Jacopo della Quercia spent twelve years over one of the gates of S. Petronio, and that other sculptors carried out similar great works with the assistance of one man, or with no assistance at all,--a proceeding which would have seemed the most frightful waste except in a time and country where half of the sculptors were originally stone-masons and the other half goldsmiths, that is to say, men accustomed to every stage, coarse or subtle, of their work. The absence of replicas of Renaissance sculpture, so striking a contrast to the scores of repetitions of Greek works, proves, moreover, that the actual execution in marble was considered an intrinsic part of the sculpture of the fifteenth century, in the same way as the painting of a Venetian master. Phidias might leave the carving of his statues to skilful workmen, once he had modelled the clay, even as the painters of the merely designing and linear schools, Perugino, Ghirlandaio, or Botticelli, might employ pupils to carry out their designs on panel or wall. But in the same way as a Titian is not a Titian without a certain handling of the brush, so a Donatello is not a Donatello, or a Mino not a Mino, without a certain individual excellence in the cutting of the marble.

[Footnote 17: Several Greek vases and coins show the sculptor modelling his figure; while in Renaissance designs, from that of Nanni di Banco to a mediocre allegorical engraving in an early edition of Vasari, the sculptor, or the personified art of Sculpture, is actually working with chisel and mallet.]

These men brought, therefore, to the cutting of marble a degree of skill and knowledge of which the ancients had no notion, as they had no necessity. In their hands the chisel was not merely a second modelling tool, moulding delicate planes, uniting insensibly broad masses of projection and depression. It was a pencil, which, according as it was held, could emphasise the forms in sharp hatchings or let them die away unnoticed in subdued, imperceptible washes. It was a brush which could give the texture and the values of the colour--a brush dipped in various tints of light and darkness, according as it poured into the marble the light and the shade, and as it translated into polishings and rough hewings and granulations and every variety of cutting, the texture of flesh, of hair, and of drapery; of the blonde hair and flesh of children, the coarse flesh and bristly hair of old men, the draperies of wool, of linen, and of brocade. The sculptors of Antiquity took a beautiful human being--a youth in his perfect flower, with limbs trained by harmonious exercise and ripened by exposure to the air and sun--and, correcting whatever was imperfect in his individual forms by their hourly experience of similar beauty, they copied in clay as much as clay could give of his perfections: the subtle proportions, the majestic ampleness of masses, the delicate finish of limbs, the harmonious play of muscles, the serene simplicity of look and gesture, placing him in an attitude intelligible and graceful from the greatest possible distance and from the largest variety of points of view. And they preserved this perfect piece of loveliness by handing it over to the faithful copyist in marble, to the bronze, which, more faithful still, fills every minutest cavity left by the clay. Being beautiful in himself, in all his proportions and details, this man of bronze or marble was beautiful wherever he was placed and from wheresoever he was seen; whether he appeared foreshortened on a temple front, or face to face among the laurel trees, whether shaded by a portico, or shining in the blaze of the open street. His beauty must be judged and loved as we should judge and love the beauty of a real human being, for he is the closest reproduction that art has given of beautiful reality placed in reality's real surroundings. He is the embodiment of the strength and purity of youth, untroubled by the moment, independent of place and of circumstance.

Of such perfection, born of the rarest meeting of happy circumstances, Renaissance sculpture knows nothing. A lesser art, for painting was then what sculpture had been in Antiquity; bound more or less closely to the service of architecture; surrounded by ill-grown, untrained bodies; distracted by ascetic feelings and scientific curiosities, the sculpture of Donatello and Mino, of Jacopo della Quercia and Desiderio da Settignano, of Michelangelo himself, was one of those second artistic growths which use up the elements that have been neglected or rejected by the more fortunate and vigorous efflorescence which has preceded. It failed in everything in which antique sculpture had succeeded; it accomplished what Antiquity had left undone. Its sense of bodily beauty was rudimentary; its knowledge of the nude alternately insufficient and

pedantic; the forms of Donatello's David and of Benedetto's St. John are clumsy, stunted, and inharmonious; even Michelangelo's Bacchus is but a comely lout. This sculpture has, moreover, a marvellous preference for ugly old men--gross, or ascetically imbecile; and for ill-grown striplings: except the St. George of Donatello, whose body, however, is entirely encased in inflexible leather and steel, it never gives us the perfection and pride of youth. These things are obvious, and set us against the art as a whole. But see it when it does what Antiquity never attempted; Antiquity which placed statues side by side in a gable, balancing one another, but not welded into one pattern; which made relief the mere repetition of one point of view of the round figure, the shadow of the gable group; which, until its decline, knew nothing of the pathos of old age, of the grotesque exquisiteness of infancy, of the endearing awkwardness of adolescence; which knew nothing of the texture of the skin, the silkiness of the hair, the colour of the eye.

III

Let us see Renaissance sculpture in its real achievement.

Here are a number of children by various sculptors of the fifteenth century. This is the tiny baby whose little feet still project from a sort of gaiter of flesh, whose little boneless legs cannot carry the fat little paunch, the heavy big head. Note that its little skull is still soft, like an apple, under the thin floss hair. Its elder brother or sister is still vaguely contemplative of the world, with eyes that easily grow sleepy in their blueness. Those a little older have learned already that the world is full of solemn people on whom to practise tricks; their features have scarcely accentuated, their hair has merely curled into loose rings, but their eyes have come forward from below the forehead, eyes and forehead working together already; and there are great holes, into which you may dig your thumb, in the cheeks. Those of fourteen or fifteen have deplorably thin arms, and still such terrible calves; and a stomach telling of childish gigantic meals; but they have the pert, humorous frankness of Verrocchio's David, who certainly flung a jest at Goliath's unwieldy person together with his stone; or the delicate, sentimental pretty woman's grace of Donatello's St. John of the Louvre, and Benedetto da Maiano's: they will soon be poring over the _Vita Nuova_ and Petrarch. Two other St. Johns--I am speaking of Donatello's--have turned out differently. One, the first beard still doubtful round his mouth, has already rushed madly away from earthly loves; his limbs are utterly wasted by fasting; except his legs, which have become incredibly muscular from continual walking; he has begun to be troubled by voices in the wilderness--whether of angels or of demons--and he flies along, his eyes fixed on his scroll, and with them fixing his mind on unearthly things; he will very likely go mad, this tempted saint of twenty-one. Here he is again, beard and hair matted, almost a wild man of the woods, but with the gravity and self-possession

of a preacher; he has come out of the wilderness, overcome all temptations, his fanaticism is now militant and conquering. This is certainly not the same man, but perhaps one of his listeners, this old King David of Donatello--a man at no time intelligent, whose dome-shaped head has taken back, with the thin white floss hair that recalls infancy, an infantine lack of solidity; whose mouth is drooping already, perhaps after a first experience of paralysis, and his eyes getting vague in look; but who, in this intellectual and physical decay, seems to have become only the more full of gentleness and sweetness; misnamed David, a Job become reconciled to his fate by becoming indifferent to himself, an Ancient Mariner who has seen the water-snakes and blessed them and been filled with blessing.

These are all statues or busts intended for a given niche or bracket, a given portico or window, but in a measure free sculpture. Let us now look at what is already decoration. Donatello's Annunciation, the big coarse relief in friable grey stone (incapable of a sharp line), picked out with delicate gilding; no fluttering or fainting, the angel and the Virgin grave, decorous, like the neighbouring pilasters. Again, his organ-loft of flat relief, with granulated groundwork: the flattened groups of dancing children making, with deep, wide shadows beneath their upraised, linked arms, a sort of human trellis-work of black and white. Mino's Madonna at Fiesole: the relief turned and cut so as to look out of the chapel into the church, so that the Virgin's head, receiving the light like a glory on the pure, polished forehead, casts a nimbus of shadow round itself, while the saints are sucked into the background, their accessories only, staff and gridiron, allowed to assert themselves by a sharp shadow; a marvellous vision of white heavenly roses, their pointed buds and sharp spines flourishing on martyrs' blood and incense, grown into the close lips and long eyes, the virginal body and thin hands of Mary. From these reliefs we come to the compositions, group inside group, all shelving into portico and forest vista, of the pulpit of Sta. Croce, the perspective bevelling it into concavities, like those of panelling; the heads and projecting shoulders lightly marked as some carved knob or ornament; to the magnificent compositions in light and shade, all balancing and harmonising each other, and framed round by garlands of immortal blossom and fruit, of Ghiberti's gates.

Nor is this all. The sculpture of the Renaissance, not satisfied with having portrayed the real human being made of flesh and blood, of bone and skin, dark-eyed or flaxen-haired, embodied in the marble the impalpable forms of dreams. Its latest, greatest, works are those sepulchres of Michelangelo, whose pinnacle enthrones strange ghosts of warriors, and whose steep sides are the unquiet couch of divinities hewn, you would say, out of darkness and the light that is as darkness.

THE DUTY OF HARSH CRITICISM by Rebecca West

The New Republic Volume 1 Number 1 (1914)
https://en.wikisource.org/wiki/The_New_Republic/Volume_1/Number_1/The_Duty_of_Harsh_Criticism

TO-DAY in England we think as little of art as though we had been caught up from earth and set in some windy side street of the universe among the stars. Disgust at the daily deathbed which is Europe has made us hunger and think for the kindly ways of righteousness, and we want to save our souls. And the immediate result of this desire will probably be a devastating reaction towards conservatism of thought and intellectual stagnation. Not unnaturally we shall scuttle for safety towards militarism and orthodoxy. Life will be lived as it might be in some white village among English elms; while the boys are drilling on the green we shall look up at the church spire and take it as proven that it is pointing to God with final accuracy

And so we might be go on very placidly, just as we were doing three months ago, until the undrained marshes of human thought stirred again and emitted some other monstrous beast, ugly with primal slime and belligerent with obscene greeds. Decidedly we shall not be safe if we forget the things of the mind. Indeed, if we want to save our souls, the mind must lead a more athletic life than it has ever done before, and must more passionately than ever practice and rejoice in art. For only through art can we cultivate annoyance with inessentials, powerful and exasperated reactions against ugliness, a ravenous appetite for beauty; and these are the true guardians of the soul.

So it is the duty of writers to deliberate in this hour of enforced silence how they can make art a more effective and obviously unnecessary thing than it has been of late years. A little grave reflection shows us that our first duty is to establish a new and abusive school of criticism. There is now no criticism in England. There is merely a chorus of weak cheers, a piping note of appreciation that is not stilled unless a book is suppressed by the police, a mild kindliness that neither heats to enthusiasm nor reverses to anger. We reviewers combine the gentleness of early Christians with a promiscuous polytheism; we reject not even the most barbarous or most fatuous gods. So great is our amiability that it might proceed from the weakness of malnutrition, were it not that it is almost impossible not to make a living as a journalist. Nor is it due to compulsion from above, for it is not worth an editor's while to veil the bright rage of an entertaining writer for the sake of publishers' advertisements. No economic force compels this vice of amiability. It springs from a faintness of the spirit, from a convention of pleasantness, which, when attacked for the monstrous things it permits to enter the mind of the world, excuses itself by protesting that it is a pity to waste fierceness on things that do not matter.

But they do matter. The mind can think of a hundred twisted traditions and ignorances that lie across the path of letters like a barbed wire entanglement and bar the mind from an important advance. For instance, there is the tradition of unreadability which the governing classes have imposed on the more learned departments of literature, such as biography and history. We must rebel against the formidable army of Englishmen who have achieved the difficult task of becoming men of letters without having written anything. They throw up platitudinous inaugural addresses like wormcasts, they edit the letters of the unprotected dead, and chew once more the more masticated portions of history; and every line they write perpetuates the pompous tradition of eighteenth century "book English" and dissociates more thoroughly the ideas of history and originality of thought. We must dispel this unlawful assembly of peers and privy councillors round the wellhead of scholarship with kindly but abusive, and, in cases of extreme academic refinement, coarse criticism.

That is one duty which lies before us. Others will be plain to any active mind; for instance, the

settlement of our uncertainty as to what it is permissible to write about One hoped, when all the literary world of London gave a dinner to M. Anatole France last year, that some writer would rise to his feet and say: "Ladies and gentlemen, we are here in honor of an author who has delighted us with a series of works which, had he been an Englishman, would have landed him in gaol for the term of his natural life." That would have shown that the fetters of the English artist are not light and may weigh down the gestures of genius. It is not liberty to describe love that he needs, for he has as much of that as any reasonable person could want, so much as the liberty to describe this and any other passion with laughter and irony.

This enfranchisement must be won partly by criticism. We must ridicule those writers who supply the wadding of the mattress of solemnity on which the British governing classes take their repose. We must overcome our natural reverence for Mrs. Humphry Ward, that grave lady who would have made so excellent a helpmate for Marcus Aurelius, and mock at her succession of rectory Cleopatras of unblemished character, womanly women who, without education and without the discipline of participation in public affairs, are yet capable of influencing politicians with wisdom. When Mr. A. C Benson presents the world with the unprovoked exudations of his temperament, we may rejoice over the Hindu-like series of acquiescences which take the place of religion in donnish circles. The whole of modern England is busily unveiling itself to the satirist and giving him an opportunity to dispute the reverences and reticence it has ordained.

But there is a more serious duty than these before us, the duty of listening to our geniuses in a disrespectful manner. Criticism matters as it never did in the past, because of the present pride of great writers. They take all life as their province to-day. Formerly they sat in their studies, and thinking only of the emotional life of mankind—thinking therefore with comparative ease, of the color of life and not of its form—devised a score or so of stories before death came. Now, their pride telling them that if time would but stand still they could explain all life, they start on a breakneck journey across the world. They are tormented by the thought of time; they halt by no event, but look down upon it as they pass, cry out their impressions, and gallop on. Often it happens that because of their haste they receive a blurred impression or transmit it to their readers roughly and without precision. And just as it was the duty of the students of Kelvin the mathematician to correct his errors in arithmetic, so it is the duty of critics to rebuke these hastinesses of great writers, lest the blurred impressions weaken the surrounding mental fabric and their rough transmissions frustrate the mission of genius on earth.

There are two great writers of to-day who greatly need correction. Both are misleading in external things. When Mr. Shaw advances, rattling his long lance to wit, and Mr. Wells follows, plump and oiled with the fun of things, they seem Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Not till one has read much does one discover that Mr. Shaw loves the world as tenderly as Sancho Panza loved his ass, and that Mr. Wells wants to drive false knights from the earth and cut the stupidity and injustice out of the spiritual stuff of mankind. And both have to struggle with their temperaments. Mr. Shaw believes too blindly in his own mental activity; he imagines that if he continues to secrete thought he must be getting on. Mr. Wells dreams into the extravagant ecstacies of the fantastic, and broods over old hated things or the future peace and wisdom of the world, while his story falls in ruins about his ears.

Yet no effective criticism has come to help them. Although in the pages of Mr. Shaw enthusiasm glows like sunsets and the heart of man is seen flowering in a hundred generous and lovely passions, no one has ever insisted that he was a poet. We have even killed his poetry with silence. A year ago he lightened the English stage, which has been permanently fogged by Mr. Pinero's gloomy anecdotes about stockbrokers' wives and their passions, with "Androcles and the Lion," which was a miracle play and an exposition of the Christian mysteries. It taught that the simple man is the son of God, and that if

men love the worlds it will be kind to them. Because this message was delivered with laughter, as became its optimism, English criticism accused Mr. Shaw of pertness and irreverence, and never permitted the nation to know that a spiritual teacher had addressed it. Instead, it advised Mr. Shaw to return to the discussion of social and philosophical problems, in which his talent could perhaps hope to be funny without being vulgar.

Mr. Wells' mind works more steadily than Mr. Shaw's, but it suffers from an unawareness of the reader; an unawareness, too, of his material; an unawareness of everything except the problem on which it happens to be brooding. His stories become more and more absent-minded. From "The Passionate Friends" we deduced that Mr. Wells lived on the branch line of a not too well organized railway system and wrote his books while waiting for trains at the main line junction. The novel appeared to be a year book of Indian affairs; but there were also some interesting hints on the publishing business, and once or twice one came on sections of a sympathetic study of moral imbecility in the person of a lady called Mary, who married for money and impudently deceived her owner. And what was even more amazing than its inchoateness was Mr. Wells' announcement on the last page that the book had been a discussion of jealousy. That was tragic, for it is possible that he had something to say on the subject, and what it was no one will ever know. Yet this boat of wisdom which had sprung so disastrous a leak received not one word of abuse from English criticism. No one lamented over the waste of the mind, the spilling of the idea.

That is what we must prevent. Now, when every day the souls of men go up from France like smoke, we feel that humanity is the flimsiest thing, easily divided into nothingness and rotting flesh. We must lash down humanity to the world with thongs of wisdom. We must give her an unsurprisable mind. And that will never be done while affairs of art and learning are decided without passion, and individual dulnesses allowed to dim the brightness of the collective mind. We must weepingly leave the library if we are stupid, just as in the middle ages we left the home if we were lepers. If we can offer the mind of the world nothing else we can offer it our silence.

THE NEGRO PRESS IN THE 1948 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

by VanAuken, Cecilia B
https://archive.org/stream/negropressin194800vana/negropressin194800vana_djvu.txt
Publication date 1949
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Contributor Boston University Libraries
Language English
Thesis (M.S.)--Boston University, 1949
(There was a Cecilia VanAuken aged 45 in 1940, per the US Census)

The Vote and the Press in the South

"The biggest story of the election Tuesday," wrote
a Chicago Defender reporter from Atlanta, "is the story

of the massive sweep to the polls by Negroes in the states of the Deep South to cast their votes for the Truman-Barkley Democratic ticket, despite the fact that in four of these states the electors had been rigged by the Democrats. "

In the South, even more than in the North, the Negro vote assumed tremendous importance in the 1948 campaign because of the great increase in the number of Negro voters and because of their shifting political v lev/s . Time was when the Democratic party was more or less an "exclusive white man* s club" below the Mason and Dixon line. But New Deal reforms affecting race relations, inaugurated by Franklin D. Roosevelt and furthered by President Truman through the report of his Committee on Civil Rights, won many Negro converts for the Democratic ranks in Dixie.

When Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was First Lady, she gained the allegiance of many Southern Negroes by her fearless championship of equal rights, which was sharply criticized by her husband's foes. Louis Martin, Detroit publisher, declared:

1. Chicago Defender , Nov. 13, 1948, page 18.

*2. Opportunity , July 1943**

The emotionalism of the professional Southerner was perhaps more stirred by the democratic speeches and attitude of Mrs. Roosevelt than by the acts of the New Deal administration. To him she became a sinister figure because she dared to express positive beliefs on racial equality.

In the South, to review the voting situation very briefly, balloting on the part of Negroes wasfor a long period meager and ineffectual. This was due to two factors, as explained by Mr. Moon:

1. The degree of insistence upon the part of the Negro voter.

2. The willingness of local officials to admit a select few Negroes to the ballot box in order to maintain the fiction that there was no discrimination.

The chief bar to Negro voting in the South was the "white primary, " which excluded Negroes from taking part

in the nomination of Democratic candidates. Mr. Moon explains:

Doubtless the number of Negroes who qualified for voting could have been enlarged had colored citizens believed it worth while risking the hazards and going through the futile gesture of casting a ballot in the general election, the result of which had already been determined by the Democratic primary. Even among those who could qualify there was a widespread conviction that it was hardly worth while.

It was the Supreme Court decision of April 1944 invalidating the white primary which gave real impetus

3. Henry Lee Moon, The Balance of Power: the Negro Vote , page 174.

4. Ibid., Page 1?5»

to the expansion of the Negro vote in the South. Two years after this decision which spelled so great a victory for Negroes in the land of Dixie in their struggle for political equality, the Southern Negro vote had more than tripled in a ten year period, reaching a total of more than 600,000 registered voters. There still are many thousands of Negroes in the South who are eligible to register but who have not become voters among the South's 9,000,000 black citizenship.

The Federal government can enact civil rights laws and anti-discrimination measures, and the Supreme Court can pass decisions invalidating white primaries, but neither can rule out racial prejudices and its manifestations among class-conscious practitioners of “white supremacy. “ Hence, the insulting treatment which the Southern Negro often has to take in order to get his franchise, at times does not seem worth the humiliation which he has to undergo.

At the polls also Southern Negroes often meet disagreeable opposition. In 1946, Homer P. Rainey, who was running for governor of Texas, suggested that segregated polling places be set up for Negro and white voters.

This so angered Carter Wesley, publisher and editor of

5. Ibid., page 179.

6. Ibid, page 178.

7. Ibid, page 189 .

the Informer papers, that he withdrew his newspapers' support of Hainey as a gubernatorial candidate and suggested that all Negroes go fishing on election day.

Interference with the rights of Negroes at the ballot boxes is not merely a matter of past history. Here is the way that the Chicago Defender described an incident which took place in Memphis on November 2, 1948: The story occupied the lead position on page one on November 5, and carried the banner headline:

"Voters Terrorized in South"

Here is the Defender* a account:

MEMPHIS — Violence unmatched since the end of Reconstruction in I 876 flared in the South Tuesday, as Negroes marched to the polls in larger numbers than ever before in history.

But Tuesday was a day of beatings, arson and threats, that many grandfathers will talk about for generations. It was also a day on which many a Negro citizen asked himself: "Am I still in the United States?"

Despite this, the Negroes voted. Their efforts were made easier in some cases by watchers employed by the NAACP, who flashed reports of irregularities to election officials. The Republicans, and in Alabama, Louisiana and South Carolina and Mississippi, even Democrats helped them. The Democrats helped in order to offset the threat of the State Rights Dlxiecrats, and the Republicans to help make capital of the split of the Democratic Party.

High feelings that characterized the election were caused in great measure by the candidates themselves through their stands on civil rights. The in-

flammatory statements of Gov. J. Strom Thurmond appealed to traditionally violent Southern elements. Henry Wallace's Southern tour and his open flaunting of Jim Crow customs helped get up the backs of Southern die-hards. President Truman's program for anti-lynch laws, FEPC and other rights measures, further widened the breach that came in Philadelphia.

On the eve of the election, torchlight parades that were part political rally and part threat of force, were the order.

Nonetheless in the urban sections of Texas, Georgia, Virginia, Tennessee, North and South Carolina, and even Alabama, the Negro vote was desperately wooed. In many instances, the clashes that occurred in these states were between Democrat and Dixiecrat whites over Negro voting.

However, in Florida, a gang of hoodlums were reported as beating two ex-GI's whom they suspected of election activities. Marauders near the Georgia line of South Carolina i4ere accused of firing a Negro farmer's barn.

Negroes in Mississippi reported to NAACP watchers that they were victims of a slowdown in identification. While lines of whites moved rapidly, Negroes said they stood in line for hours trying to convince polling place officials of their identity. In smaller communities the old poll tax gag was pulled — even though poll tax on federal elections is illegal.

In several small southern communities, members of the Ku Klux Klan, in full bed-sheet regalia, staged election eve demonstrations in an effort to keep Negroes from the polls.

In others, whites, armed with shot guns, loitered near the polls hoping to frighten timid Negroes seeking to vote. However, they made no move to prevent Negroes from casting their ballots.

The unprecedented bitterness of the South, although it did not break out in violence in every area, was caused by two realizations. For Negroes, this election involved their personal stake in civil rights and economic and social democracy. For die-hard whites, it meant that the tide of civil rights must be turned

back now before it swamps the entire Jim Crow system.

....For every cracked skull, and for every broken home as a result of election and pre-election violence, thousands of Negroes asserted themselves at the polls. They will do it again and again. And no other presidential candidate can go to the White House without taking full account of this.

The Informer papers, Mr. Wesley, their publisher,

reports, supported Truman and "the regular Democrats" throughout. He said that he believed that Negroes were more greatly influenced by the Negro press than were white readers of their papers in the South, because Negroes "suspect" statements of the Whites in Dixie, and also because white papers do not carry facts meant for Negroes' consumption.

And how a.bout J. Strom Thurmond and the Negro vote in the South? The NAACF survey (see Appendix II) reports a sprinkling of Negro votes for the Dixiecrat nominee, which sounds as if a few colored citizens must have voted with their eyes closed. It reports that in South Carolina where Thurmond carried the state, the vote of 30 >498 for Truman was mostly from Negroes. In Mississippi where Truman won the all-Negro city of Mound Bayou, Truman had a two to one vote over Dewey, which was the first time that a Democrat had ever carried the city. In Alabama President Truman's name was not on the ballot, but Negroes were nearly one hundred percent behind him on the write-in ballot, which was also the case in Louisiana.

8. Chicago Defender, Nov. 13, 194+8, page 18.

Other Southern Negro election returns are reported by the Chicago Defender in an Atlanta date-line story, as follows:

In Georgia, Texas and Florida, the vote of the colored citizens was almost solidly straight Democratic .... In South Carolina, an estimated 45 ,000 Negroes qualified for the ballot despite the efforts of the Thurmond forces to block them.... Two counties, Spartenburg and Anderson, containing the cities of Spartanburg and Columbia, went into the Truman

column because of the heavy Negro vote.

....In Georgia, over 80,000 Negro voters went to the polls election day, the majority of whom are presumed to have cast their ballots for Truman.

In Atlanta proper, the precincts which are solidly colored turned in majorities of two to one for Truman over Dewey, while those precincts where both whites and Negroes vote together turned in even greater majorities for the President. Negro support for Truman in the state was spearheaded by A. T. Walden.

In Texas and Florida, Negro voters helped swell a heavy vote which swamped the attempts of Dixiecrat sharpsters to wangle the vote into the Thurmond ranks. In Florida, Klan parades election evening and threatening posters and handbills failed to intimidate the colored voters, who marched to the polls in large numbers to vote the straight Democratic ticket.

The Texas election day passed without a single interracial clash, and the estimates of the vote by Negroes in that state is between 80,000 and 100,000, most of them believed to have been for the Truman-Barkley ticket.

The Southern Negro editors 1 almost universal stand on the issues at stekie in the campaign are summed up in the following editorial which appeared in the Houston Informer on November 27, 1948:

SORORITY NEWS

- - L. Pearl Mitchell.
The Crisis, March 1924

The Sixth Annual Boulé of Alpha Kap pa Alpha Sorority convened in Balti more, Md., at Sharp Street Church Commun ity Center, December 27th, 28th and 29th, 1923. Ninety college women representing thirty-three graduate and under-graduate chapters, from California to New York and from Minnesota to Georgia, made this the most remarkable Boulé in the history of A. K. A.

A large audience attended the open meet ing at which cordial greetings from the citizens of Baltimore and Epsilon Omega Chapter were extended by Mr. Ashby Haw kins and Mrs. Irma Bruce Davis. Mrs. Lor aine Green, Supreme Basileus, gave a fitting response. Miss Julia Brooks then related the Sorority history from its incipiency to the present.

An inspiring message from Miss Lucy Slowe, Dean of Women at Howard Univer sity, enjoyable musical numbers by Mr. L. Wilson, Miss Helen Walker and Mrs. Nel son Fortune made the occasion one long to be remembered.

Seven sessions were held; the excellent reports given by chapters and members of the Directorate proved an inspiration and gave food for serious thought. An educa tional program of A. K. A. during 1923 was effectively carried out, the chapters stimu lating interest in higher education by be stowing scholarships on deserving young women totaling over $2,000.00. Also short story and essay week was observed to dem onstrate the literary talent of young women over the whole country. The best of these were awarded Fifty Dollar prizes. A. K. A. women wherever they may be take an active part in civic and community affairs and do volunteer social service work with many organizations. The year's re ports show real participation along cultural lines especially in dramatics and music. The Sixth Boulé had an unusual distinction in that five of the charter members of the Sorority were present, Misses Lucy Slowe, Julia Brooks, Nellie Quander, Norma Boyd and Mrs. Ethel Lyles.

For distinguished service and excellent scholarship honorary membership was con ferred upon Mrs. Elise Johnson McDougald, Vocational Guidance Director of New York City, Miss Hazel Harrison, noted pianist of Chicago, Ill., and Mrs. Antoinette Garnes,

winner of the diamond medal of Chicago Conservatory of Music, Chicago, Ill. Epsilon Omega Chapter gave to the dele gates a cordial welcome and Baltimore joined in showing unlimited hospitality. The Banquet at Royal Palace Hotel, the Prom at New Albert Auditorium, the Prom by Alpha Phi Alpha Fraternity and the closing reception were all most enjoyable and sent the sorors back to their chapters praising their hostesses and friends. A pilgrimage to the seat of A. K. A. Sorority at Howard University, Washing ton, D. C., was made on Sunday, December 30th, when Alpha Chapter entertained at a reception in their sorority home. Beautiful bouquets of roses were presented the retir ing Basileus and her successor by Alpha and Xi Omega Chapters. . . . . .

The following officers were unanimously elected to serve during the year 1924. Su preme Basileus, Miss L. Pearl Mitchell, 2270 East 95th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, 1st anti-Basileus, Mrs. Vivian Johnson Cooke, Baltimore, Md., 2nd anti-Basileus, Miss Beulah Burke, Kansas City, Kan., Grammateus, Miss Murray B. Atkins, In dianapolis, Ind., Assistant Grammateus, Miss Lucille Armstead, Indianapolis, Ind., Epistoleus, Mrs. Irma Bruce Davis, Balti more, Md., Tamiochus, Mrs. Ethel Lyles, Philadelphia, Pa., Editor-in-chief, Miss Al thea Merchant, St. Louis, Mo., Eastern Or ganizer, Grace Hill, Baltimore, Md., Cen tral Organizer, Carolyn Payne, Wilberforce, Ohio, Western Organizer, Blanche Patter son, Kansas City, Mo., Northeastern Or ganizer, C. Vivian Carter, Brooklyn, N. Y. The Boulé adjourned to meet with Mu Chapter, Philadelphia, Pa., December 27th to 31st, 1924. -

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THE ARREST.

by Irina Federovna Dubasova,
from the IA etext of *Ten Months in Bolshevik Prisons*.

Published in Canada under her anglicized name, Irene Doubassoff
1926
https://archive.org/details/tenmonthsinbolsh00duba_0/page/46/mode/2up

The inevitable happened !

The arrest, which I had anticipated with such dread and horror during two and a half years of Bolshevism, was now a thing of the past.

I was in prison, and, strange and illogical as it may seem, I was enjoying a feeling of peace and relief. The hard stone floor on which I slept, all the discomforts which surrounded me, even hunger, did not much disturb me. I had the feeling of a very tired creature to whom was granted at last a moment of moral rest, and the enjoyment of it was so great that physical discomforts were things of little moment.

The knowledge that my flat would be searched, and all my dearest belongings, my papers, and letters, desecrated by alien touch and indis¬ cretion, that perhaps all my property would be requisitioned for " distribution among the working classes "—even the knowledge that I might be ruined—did not interfere with my peace of mind.

For two and a half years I had fought against the Bolshevik power, and though I went through the fight with an unwavering strength of pur¬ pose, with will and energy and even with a composed mind, I was exhausted, my nerves were shattered, and all my being craved for rest.

I had been alone in Petrograd during those two and a half years. All my family had left their home, and were safely away from the Bolsheviks. Though it was lonely and trying at times to be quite by myself, it had so many redeeming points that I was glad of it on the whole. It made my life much easier, not only from the material but especially from the moral point of view. I had no dear ones for whose life and safety I was in dread, no one

for whom I feared during these trying times, and there was no one to worry about me in case anything terrible should happen.

This is why my life, and in many ways my state of mind, cannot be compared with those of the majority of people in Soviet Russia. People who have husbands, old parents, or children have suffered and are suffering a hundredfold more than I ever suffered, and my fate was an easy one in comparison to that of many.

Had any of my family been with me I could not have borne the conditions of Soviet life for so long, and I would surely have left the country, as so many of my friends and acquaint¬ ances had done ; if not, I am sure I would have collapsed from sheer worry.

But as I was alone and had health and strength to help me, I did not even consider flight. When friends tried to persuade me to escape, I listened to them as to creatures with¬ out reason, whose arguments I could not even grasp.

I loved my country. I had been brought up since childhood with the idea that I was part of it, that I was always to share its fate, so that I could not dream of leaving it at such a tragic moment in its history. I, who had profited by the best that my native land could give, could not even picture myself running away and abandoning my country while it was going through such a terrible crisis.

But I never in any way criticised those who did go. I understood how reasonable it was to escape in order to save one’s nearest, or even oneself, not only from death and ruin, but from moral degradation.

I had unfortunately seen examples of highly estimable people who had not enough moral strength and courage to bear the hardships which were forced upon them, and who had deteriorated morally.

Seeing this, I had firmly decided that from the moment I should feel my strength giving way and my moral standard of life getting lower, with the result that my example should work to the detriment of my class, I would do everything possible to leave the country. This I considered to be much better than fur¬ nishing one more example of moral weakness.

But I had never actually faced this possi¬ bility. I had the needed strength and disci¬ pline, given me by education and by inheritance, from generations of people who had considered the fulfilment of their duty towards their native country to be the principal aim of their lives.

When my family went away from Petrograd they left me in possession of four flats in the same house. Through all these years I had used every means at my disposal, legal and not quite legal, to save, if not the flats themselves, at least all that was in them. This was certainly a difficult job. The property was of great value, and, if only for this reason, I could not allow it to be taken out of my hands.

Besides, I am a great lover of things. Each material has its own history in my eyes, its own life—in fact, its soul. Furniture, pictures, silver, bibelots, and all sorts of little trinkets which have been in the family for generations and have served truly and faithfully, could not be betrayed by me. With teeth set I fought for them. And then they also represented all that remained to my mother after so many requisi¬ tions and nationalisations.

But the fight was too one-sided, and I lost many a battle.

Just think of it! According to the Bolshevik decree I was only allowed to have one small room and a few chairs and tables, while actually I was occupying four flats. I was bound to lose in the end, but still the flat I lived in was stored to the full with the best I could save.

It was much easier to fight for my own life and safety. No one, till 1920, seemed inter¬

ested in me personally, which was very lucky for me. If the Cheka 1 had got hold of me in 1918 , surely I would have been shot. They were more interested at that time in their

1 The Russian abbreviation for the "Extraordinary Com¬ mission," the political Inquisition of the Soviet responsible for the death of countless thousands of innocent victims.

political enemies and more afraid of them, whereas in 1920 they were much more interested in getting money, and felt themselves sufficiently strong against the bourgeoisie.

My father had been well known during the late Tzar's reign. In 1905, when the first revolu¬ tionary movement broke out, he was commis¬ sioned by the Tzar to re-establish order in Central Russia, and after that he was appointed Governor - General of Moscow. In Central Russia he succeeded in checking the agrarian disturbances without having recourse to armed force ; but in Moscow, where the revolutionary movement had gone too far, he was obliged to use troops to break down the barricades. There were rumours that Trotzky had been on these barricades.

This set the revolutionary parties against my father; they proclaimed him an enemy of the working classes, and many times they attempted to kill him.

Most of these plots failed. Twice, however, they succeeded in throwing bombs at him. The first time was in Moscow, in April 1906, just in front of the Governor-General's palace. His aide-de-camp, who was with him in the carriage, was killed on the spot and his body blown to atoms. The coachman and both horses were wounded, and the horses bolted with the carriage. The bottom of the carriage broke, and my father fell through it on the road, escaping death with only a shock, several bone fractures, and a deaf ear.

In December 1906 they tried to kill him in Petrograd while he was enjoying his daily walk in the Tauride Gardens. This time the

bomb was of small explosive power, fell at a fair distance, and only hurt his leg.

Under the present Government, with Trotzky as a prominent member of it, milder disturb¬ ances are suppressed at the cost of the lives of thousands and thousands of Russian working people, perishing on either side. All Russia is deluged with their blood.

But then this is the reign of the Bolsheviks ; they believe themselves privileged to sacrifice any number of lives for the " salvation of the world." What matters the death of a few millions of Russian people in comparison with the " World's Social Revolution ! " What matters the sacrifice of Russia, of her honour, her wealth, her industry, her culture and art, her historical monuments, when these are laid on the altar of the Third International!

But as my father was considered as an enemy of the people by the previous revolu¬ tionary parties (to-day the rulers of Russia), I had to be very careful in all my activities. I lived very quietly, working all the time, doing everything myself, not showing myself anywhere, and seeing only my nearest friends.

In 1919, when a Bolshevik decree obliged me to take up work for the Government, I was perplexed as to what to do. I did not want to work for the Bolsheviks, and, on the other hand, I did not like to use false documents which it was possible though difficult to obtain. (Some institutions could be bribed to issue papers certifying that you were in their employ.) And I could not risk being unemployed.

For thirteen years we had a school in our house, and now the headmistress invited me to be a clerk at the school office. This served my purpose and left my conscience clear. But all the time I was quite sure that only a miracle could save me from arrest and prison.

That arrest, I felt sure, would come sooner or later, and sometimes I even wanted it to come sooner rather than wait. When you have

got to have a tooth out, it is best to have it done as quickly as possible ; anticipation is in so many ways worse than realisation.

However, while the miracle lasted I confess that I enjoyed many things to the full. Every night, when going to bed, I thanked God that for one more night I could sleep peacefully.

And still it had to come. I was even more sure of it from the beginning of 1920, as the Cheka got suddenly interested in me. An agent used to come to my house and inquire about me. Once he even came to my flat and asked for my photograph. I had to give it, as, learn¬ ing who he was, the House Committee 1 insisted upon that.

Many times I saw the young man following me in the streets, or saw him in our courtyard. I hated a knock at the door at such times, and hated even my friends who chose these ■wrong moments to come and see me. I felt like a hunted animal, chased all the time into the trap.

One evening I was coming home all alone from a very distant quarter of the town, where I had been to see some friends. It was late in the evening, about eleven o'clock. Though the streets were unlit, I could see my way in the dark because of the white snow covering the ground. The streets were deserted, and I had hardly met a single person during my long walk.

1 When the houses were requisitioned from their owners, the Bolsheviks instituted House Committees. The members of such committees were chosen from among the inhabitants of the house. But as the Bolsheviks needed them as a sort of "police" supervising all the lodgers, these members could be chosen only amongst the democratic element of the house. The clergy, nobles, "ex-titled" people and other bourgeois were not allowed to participate in such House Committees, and therefore had no voice in the affairs of the house.

I was extremely nervous that day, as I had seen my agent following me in the afternoon. A nasty presentiment haunted me: I was sure

they were going to lay hands on me that same evening. Perhaps the agents of the Cheka were already at my flat, only waiting for my return home; perhaps they had put soldiers in the adjoining streets to catch me; and I was unconsciously looking for these soldiers in the dark.

Suddenly I saw the shadow of a man stand¬ ing near a house. As I came nearer the shadow moved, and began walking straight towards me. I stopped in the middle of the street and waited breathlessly. (People rarely keep to the pavement now—it is safer to walk in the middle of the road, there being practically no traffic.)

As it approached, the shadow took the form of a soldier bearing a rifle. He came up to me, asking very politely whether I would be good enough to show him his way as he had lost himself in the dark.

The relief was so great that it gave me comage, and I went on with a lighter step and a lighter heart. It was all nonsense and pure imagina¬ tion, and I felt ashamed to be afraid.

When I reached my house and saw that no one was near it, I entered, and carefully closed the door behind me. The door was never locked, as there was no one to open it, and as the woodwork had swollen from exposure it closed with the greatest difficulty, and once shut was very hard to open. So at night it always remained open, wide open.

Though I now felt safe, I decided to close the door properly this time, so that no one could enter and so that I might sleep in perfect quiet. The stairs were quite dark. To reach my door I had to go up one flight of stairs. There was my landing—a large place, with a window opening on to the yard.

I was standing on the landing, breathing freely at last, searching without haste for the key, which was in my pocket. '

Suddenly to my horror I felt conscious of some human presence near me in the dark. I heard some one breathing, and then the creature moved, and I saw by the shadow on the window-pane that it was a soldier carrying a rifle.

Never in my life was I so frightened. My first awful thought was that I had made my own escape impossible by closing the outside door. I did not know what to do ; no one lived on the same stairs, there was only the empty school with the two servants, who slept there, but who could not possibly hear me on the stairs. I felt positively lost; my bell did not ring, and, had I called, my lodgers at the other end of the flat could not have heard me.

Strange to say, I did not think of the possible arrest at that moment. I was sure the soldier had strayed into the open staircase, and was ready to kill me for money. I imagined already what it must feel like to have his bayonet in my flesh, when suddenly a match was struck in the dark, and a kind voice asked me not to be afraid. I saw a smiling face, and recog¬ nised in the man a brother of my lodgers. He could not make himself heard in the flat, and was waiting for my return to be let in.

My relief was great, and I laughed at myself for having been afraid ; I was ashamed of such a disgraceful display of nerves. I could not allow myself to indulge in such feelings, and kept them well in hand, but nevertheless they existed.

And now I am actually in the trap. Now no one will knock at my door in the night, no one will haunt my dreams, no one will give me nervous shocks at the street corners. For naturally I am not a coward. It was only the Cheka that could upset my balance.

Yes, for me all this was over. I was in the trap. How long I should have to stay there was another matter. But the way in which I was trapped was a fortunate one for me. Thank God, no politics were mixed up in the game,

for in that case I would not have had a chance.

My actual arrest took place in the house of friends. They had been rich, and still possessed many things of value, so they were certainly on the black list of those to be visited by the Cheka. It is true that they lived in such an ingenious way that it was hard to get at them. But once the Cheka had an aim, it would attain it sooner or later by one means or another.

The family consisted of an old gentleman, his son, and married daughter with her hus¬band, as well as three old women—servants, who had been in the house for over thirty years, and of whom the youngest was sixty-five years old.

A marine officer, an Esthonian, who worked in the same office as the son, had lately offered to sell him a beautiful diamond brooch. He said that the brooch belonged to a man who was in great need, but who was afraid to sell it through unknown hands for fear that he might be denounced to the Cheka.

The price was low and the bargain a very good one, but the family had not the necessary money, and the old gentleman was opposed to speculations of any kind on his own behalf or on behalf of his children, and he had held him-self aloof from any such transactions during the Bolshevik regime.

Every other day, throughout a whole month, the Esthonian renewed his offer, each time reducing the price. When it came to a million roubles it was too tempting not to buy the brooch.

At this same time a decree was issued about the requisitioning of furs and warm clothes. Before such a decree is published a warning rumour runs usually round the town. People prefer to sell the extra things even at very reduced prices rather than risk the loss of them by requisition.

My friends and I were of this opinion, and

we sold our things for several hundred thousands each. This money had to be “ placed ”—it could not be left in notes, as the money market was very weak, and the rouble was falling rapidly.

I always preferred pictures to jewels, for such an investment spared a great deal of anxiety during the possible perquisitions. Some¬ thing small, old, and dark hanging on the wall in the dark passage does not draw the attention, though it be a Leonardo da Vinci. Having held a family council, my friends decided to invest their money in the brooch of the Esthonian.

One Saturday, the 27th of March 1920, I was leaving my flat to go to these friends, whom I had not seen for five days. At that moment Mr S., the son-in-law, knocked at my door. We were good friends, and many times I had lent him money when he was hard up, and he in return helped me to get rid of things I needed to sell.

He was very worried and upset, and he wanted a large sum of money. He had come to ask me for it, as he knew I had some 300,000 roubles at home.

I had some business in view for the next morning, some pictures, which had been offered to me, and I did not like lending him the money, but after half an hour’s entreaties and his promise to return the money in a day, I yielded to the claims of friendship.

It took me more than half an hour to hunt out the money, for it was hidden in all sorts of places. I will not tell about those wonderful places, as there are still many such in Russia at the present moment, full of all sorts of precious belongings. At last I hunted out 270,000 roubles—it was all I had except some odd 10,000 which I left on the table in my bedroom for my own needs. The next day he was to return the money. I did not ask Mr S. why he needed this money ; I was in a hurry to be in time for dinner, and it was far to walk.

The trams were very scarce at the time, and always so full that the only way was to walk. No cabs were then to be had in Petrograd, as all the horses were dead, and many were eaten by the hungry population. I, too, had partaken of horse-flesh, and I found that it does not taste too bad when prepared in a certain way.

Ten minutes after I entered my friend's house we were all arrested. The story can be told in a few words.

It was the day of the transaction over the famous brooch. The naval officer, as it turned out, was an " agent 'provocateur " 1 working with the Cheka, and the brooch, which he had been using as a bait, belonged to the Cheka as well. This man, a supposed friend of the son of the house, now appeared at the flat, bringing with him two Commissars and four soldiers from the Cheka. All doors were locked, and we were in for perhaps several years of prison.

We were all ordered into the dining-room, where the old gentleman sat working at the table. A paper was thrown before him; it was a charge of speculation in diamonds.

Having put on his spectacles with delibera¬ tion and examined the document, the old gentleman asked very politely where any dia-

1 A decoy and spy.

monds were to be seen. For answer the Com¬ missar went over to the other end of the room where the Esthonian was sitting, and putting one hand into his breast pocket, drew out an envelope in which was the brooch. This he also threw upon the table. We were stunned, and looked at each other with stupefied amazement.

The solemnity of the occasion was upset by the cook. She could not keep quiet, and now began worrying the Commissar because she had left her dinner on the kitchen fire and could smell it burning. Her entreaties were so much out of tune with our tragic position that the

Commissar, evidently feeling that this interlude was making the whole situation ridiculous, sent her back to the kitchen with a soldier on guard.

The Commissars and the soldiers then drew out their revolvers, and threatened any one who should move. Unfortunately I asked the young man of our party for a match, and without thinking he made a few steps in the direction of the next room, where his matches were kept. Both Commissars flew at him, seized him by the arm, and, rushing into the room ahead of him, began turning everything topsy-turvy.

I could understand nothing at the moment, all the more so as I was in complete ignorance of the brooch transaction. I must own that, on the whole, our visitors were almost decent. They put back their revolvers after a time and became quite civil. Some of them are not so wicked as they appear to be. They have to do their dirty work ; it is the regime that has entrapped them. It often seemed as though they pitied the people they had to arrest. That is why they are allowed alcohol. They are given it by the Cheka itself to keep up their spirits.

I had the opportunity of walking round the flat, and succeeded in slipping my pearl earrings into the pocket of the old deaf nurse. I was sure they would not touch her, and actually she saved them for me.

About eleven o'clock, after four and a half hours' search, during which everything was turned inside out and nothing of interest found (they were looking for the money which was to have been paid for the brooch), we were taken to the renowned Gorochovaia 2, the head¬ quarters of the Cheka. They were furious not to have found the money, for the agents get 25 per cent on such sums from their employer, the Cheka.

Mr S., the one who had taken my money, came to the flat much later, while the Com¬ missars were still there, and he was also arrested,

but no money was found on him either.

One gets so sly living under such extra¬ ordinary conditions that one learns to take all possible precautions. The money was in a safe place outside the house. If the affair had been a straight one, not a provocation, it would have been fetched in a moment; but in the case of a provocation such as this one, it meant that no money was to be found in the house, and, therefore, no visible evidence of any such transaction being contemplated. To all ques¬ tions about money we gave only one reply: “We have no money ; you can see for your¬ selves.”

But the question of money did not matter very much now, as they had us in their power anyhow. We were taken to the Cheka, we were sent on to prison, and all our property was henceforth in the hands of the Cheka. They could do what they liked with us and our belongings.

ORDER AND BRIGHTNESS.

Gertrude Besse King.
The Freeman ,30 March, 1921

Ir must have been with malice aforethought that Mr. Francis Hackett chose “The Invisible Censor“ as the title essay in a book of collected articles from the New Republic. 1_3y the censor, he says, “I mean a secret creature of acute solicitude, who feels that social facts must be manicured and pedicured before they are fit to be seen. He constantly revises and blue-pencils the hu man legend" in the interest of edification.
He aims by no means to give us access to the facts. He aims not at all to let us judge for ourselves. \Vith all his might he strives to relate facts under his supervision to the end that he thinks desirable. The evil of the censor is never illustrated in his rational subordination of impulses, but in those subordinations that violate human and social freedom. And the worst of them are the vague, the subtle subordinations that take away the opportunity of truth.
Here is the secret of the author's rebellion: his resent ment at the veils which Mrs. Grundy wraps about beauty

1 *"The Invisible Censor." Francis Hackett. New York: B. W. Huebsch.*

and vitality, reminding one of the prudish draperies painted over the nude and virile figures of "The Last Judgment," his resentment no less at the veils of "archaic, irrational and ritualistic decorum" that interpose good form between us and our real interests as human beings. Sometimes when the veil is heavy and the interest vital, he pulls it away with firm but discriminating delibera tion, being careful to make his readers a party to the act, and meticulously giving the censor-devil who put it there his due. His criticism of the accredited atti tude towards Germany during the war opens with a direct, instinctive appreciation of the reasons for the fierce self-defensive nationalism that put the stamp of public approval upon such primitive patriotism, and then he shames what is irrational and uncivilized by exposing the deeper passion of Lincoln.

When Mr. Hackett writes of Ireland, he pierces behind the destructive and biting narrowness, the intolerances that our old tribal censor sanctions and applauds, the uncom promising belligerency that hides and falsifies every com mon interest and renders vain every "solution." He estimates the rebellion of Easter-week not by the ac cepted criterion of its imprudence and certainty of fail ure, but by the necessity animating its leaders to refuse an unjust and brutal authority.

It is not in vain, however, that these poets and Gaelic scholars and Republicans have stood blindfolded to be shot by English soldiers. Their verdict on English authority was scarcely in fault. They estimated with just contemptuous ness the temper of a ruling-class whose yoke Ireland has long been compelled to endure. Until that yoke is gone from Ireland, by the fulfillment of England's bond, the memory of this rebellion must flourish. It testifies sadly but heroically that there are still Irishmen who can not be sold over the counter, Irishmen who set no ultimate sanction on a dis honest authority, Irishmen who set no ultimate value on their merely mortal lives.

Mr. Hackett, naturally, writes on Ireland with a fervour aroused by no other public question, but his essential poise of spirit survives the test; for although he engages in the mortal conflict, he can estimate the issues with the clarity of an onlooker.

Sometimes he puts by the orthodox attitudes with so deft an art and with so rich and aggressive a sympathy, that his achievement is too infectious to be noted, as when he depicts the feelings of the incapacitated and bullied blind man who was a strike-breaker, or when he searches the reasons why Gorky's "Night Lodging" is not a gloomy play: "It is the people who think too nar rowly of poverty and failure who see 'Night Lodging' as depressing. It does not fail in beholding life. It is not poor in sympathy." Now and then the whisking of the veil is almost sheer mischief. When Okura sees Newport in order to view American democracy, his un scrupulous courier plays upon the cunning Oriental naiveté with no less suave and innocent a cunning, making the whole a broad mockery of the usual democratic as sumption. The article on "Billy Sunday, Salesman" has a brisk impertinence, yet it is never smart at' the expense of accuracy. On the contrary, the appraisal checks off both the inner man and his social accomplishment with light finality. The whole case is presented with a quick and fine economy, as druggists do up packages. Through out the book one is constantly making such gay discov eries as these—delicious peeps behind the curtain upon a scene of sudden order and brightness.

'ANTI-AMERICA'

A SPANISH HOMILY

BY MARIANA RUBRÓ Y BELLVÉ

From *La Vanguardia, June* 18
(Barcelona Clerical and Financial Daily)

So all-embracing is the influence of the civilization in the midst of which we live, that it is most difficult for our minds to rise above the tendencies and attitudes it imposes. None the less, our intellects may acknowledge that the structure and function of the society to which we are accustomed and its standards of culture are not perfect, and that there may be other civilizations, very different from ours, that afford the community and the individual a well-being superior to our own.

Our civilization descends from that of Rome, with a strain of barbarian influence inherited from the German invasion. It assumes that force is the sole means of holding together society. Let me hasten to add that this force is not exclusively force of arms. It may be coercion exercised by a tyrant, a political group, a bold adventurer, or an industrial trust. The individual confronted by overwhelming force is helpless. Feeling himself isolated and abandoned in the very bosom of the society in which he lives, he develops acute egoism, and his life struggle becomes, from whatever angle we may examine it, essentially a violent process. During the last hundred years, mechanical inventions have greatly augmented the influence of force upon society. Machinery has invaded every sphere of life; it rules the land, the sea, and the air above us. Instruments of destruction have multiplied as rapidly as instruments of construction, and have often surpassed them in efficiency.

America stands for the last word in mechanism. Whenever we hear of some wonderful new machine, we assume that it is an invention either conceived or developed in the United States. We may therefore look upon America as symbolizing the kind of civilization toward which all mankind seems to be hastening, a civilization where the sum of felicity is to do everything at a rate of a hundred miles an hour. Our eagerness for vast business undertakings, our absorption in the race for riches, our substitution of the machine for the man in every field of industry, our desire to finish a thing almost before we begin it, accord with the ideal of this hyperbolical civilization, the aspirations of which may be synthesized in a single formula: 'Do in two hours with two men for two dollars what previously took three.'

Many voices have been raised against this conception of life and civilization. The men who have most vigorously condemned this little feverish preoccupation with purely material progress were Russian thinkers who flourished just before the Bolshevist Revolution. According to the partisans of the Slavs, there is but one race on the globe that is able to arrest the deluge of mechanism and egoism that is overwhelming the world: that nation is Russia. If America stands for the ultimate devel-

opment of a civilization that runs counter to the higher nature of the human soul, Russia symbolizes the opposite tendency. Russia is, to put the statement in its simplest form, anti-American, and Russia's mission is to transform and better the human social order, which, as at present constituted, defeats its true purpose of increasing the total sum of human happiness.

According to the Russian view, our present ills are due to our neglecting the moral growth of the individual and concentrating our attention too exclusively upon constructing a social order ruled by laws that are good in theory but produce no results so long as the individuals subject to them are evil. Man, according to thinkers of the Slav school, cannot reach moral perfection except by a life of humility, simplicity, and something approaching poverty. The world has forgotten the teaching of the Sermon on the Mount, which points out the only path by which we can reach justice and peace. The Russia of the Faith — Holy Russia — is the only nation that can lead the human flock back to the road that Jesus pointed out. Only the Russians are capable of giving an example of that contrition that perfects the individual and by perfecting the individual can eventually improve the society of which he forms a part.

The influence of contrition and remorse for past sins plays a great part in the theories of Slavic thinkers. They trust in that to work the necessary transformation in human society. We are told that the Tsar Nicholas I, when he was visiting a prison, questioned seven prisoners who were confined in the same cell. Of these seven, six were clearly innocent, if one were to believe their answers to the Tsar's questions. Unjust judges, false witnesses, or misleading circumstantial evidence alone had brought them to their present terrible pass, where they were suffering punishment for crimes they had not committed.

But the seventh prisoner answered: 'Your Majesty, I am here as the natural consequence of the crimes that I have committed. My punishment is hard, but I am bearing it with resignation, because no one but myself is at fault for the evil I did, and I ought to suffer the punishment I have merited.' The story goes that Tsar Nicholas I, assuming an attitude of intense indignation, interrupted the man at this point and ordered sternly: 'Take this rascal out of this cell immediately; what he says proves that he is unworthy of enjoying for a single minute longer the company of the six noble and innocent gentlemen who are his companions in confinement!'

This anecdote symbolizes to the Slavic writers the redemption of a society by repentance and amendment. Repentance is the foundation stone of spiritual progress. That is why the Slav thinkers attach first importance to it. We must admit that our present civilization attaches practically no importance to that state of mind. The foremost nations of the world have fought with a fury and an expenditure of blood unprecedented in history to destroy their enemies; the evils they have thus brought upon the world are incalculable. But we observe not the slightest sign of grief or repentance, or of a real intention to do better, in any country. Fierce hatred still corrodes the heart and poisons the life of Europe.

Unquestionably our present civilization is open to searching criticism. Under some aspects its failures and defects verge upon the grotesque. In all its aspects it displays indifference to the noblest ideals of the soul. A young race like the Slavs, isolated from the

ceaseless agitation of our overcivilized Western world, may perhaps give us an important clue by which we may set our compass aright and steer a better course.

But is Russia the nation that is called upon to guide the march of humanity? That is a difficult question. After five years of revolution, she seems to have emerged from the destructive stage common to all such social earthquakes and to be entering upon a period of construction; yet at the very beginning she declares that she can do nothing without foreign aid. We may therefore seriously question whether her people are the chosen race whose mission it is to lead humanity into a better land. The Russians have an infinite capacity for passive suffering; but they are easily moved to the opposite extreme of passion and violence. It is still an unsettled question whether Anti-America would be better than the era of exaggerated mechanism in which we now dwell.

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